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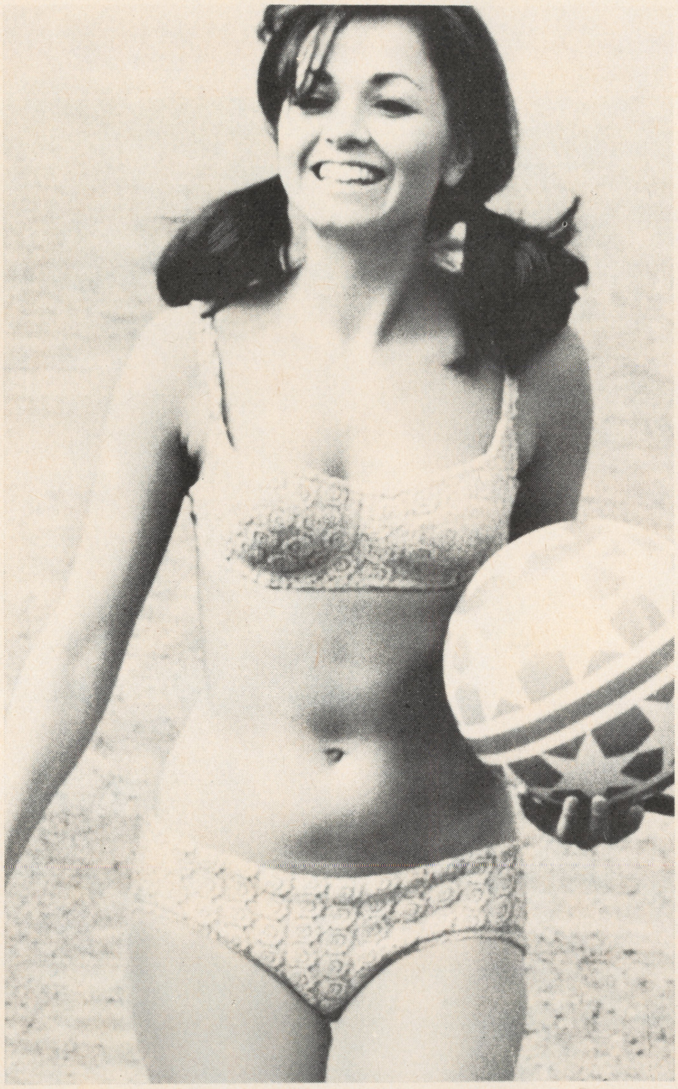

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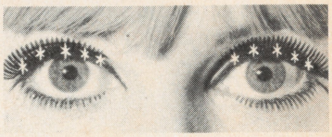

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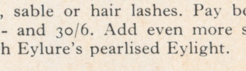

i-girls say eyes are for looking at so give them

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ON SALE: MARCH 19

The TONY CRAWLEY Column

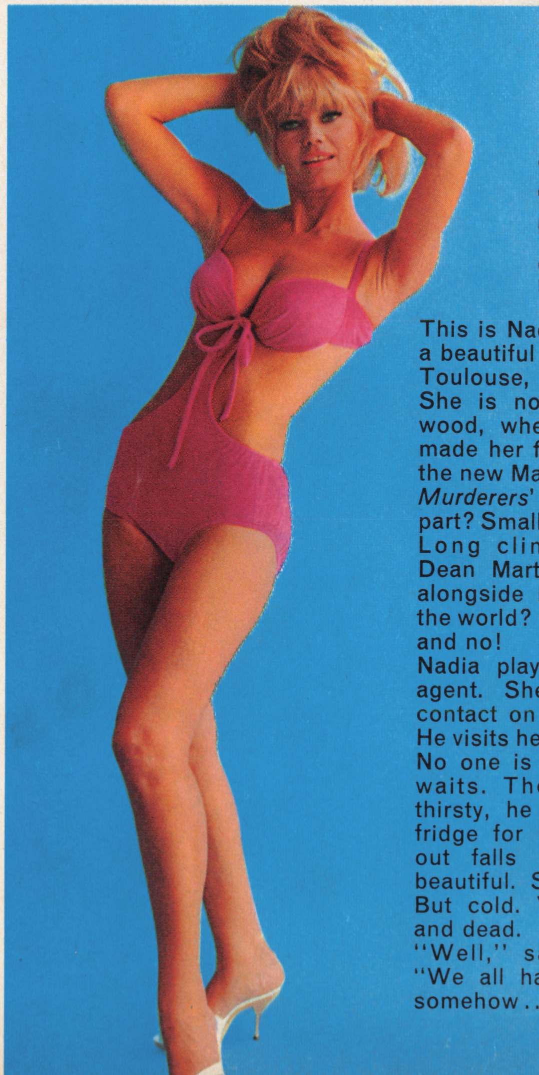
fighting the PAPPARAZZI

The fight is on. At last. Top stars and producers versus the notorious papparazzi photographers of Rome. These freelance cameramen, who make a living by selling candid, embarrassing and even faked photos of well-known personalities, have finally gone too far—in their shocking harassment of Marlon Brando recently.

The Brando battle was so acute that Ray Stark, producer of his film, *Reflections In A Golden Eye*, issued a terse three-page statement condemning "this small handful of voyuers" . . . and immediately cancelled his next two Rome films—a Brando Western and Ava Gardner's *Romancero*.

John Huston, the director of both Brando projects, is also deeply concerned about such incidents. He feels it will be "very difficult to get Peter O'Toole to work in Italy on *Waterloo*." An understatement! O'Toole has already had his fill of the papparazzi—that is why he wouldn't make *What's New, Pussycat?* until it went from Rome to Paris.

The long war between the film people and the photographers has been fermenting for years. Fellini's brilliant *La Dolce Vita* highlighted the crazy situation which exists. Of course, there are some personalities who enjoy being chased and having their personal life rudely interrupted by a photographer—usually

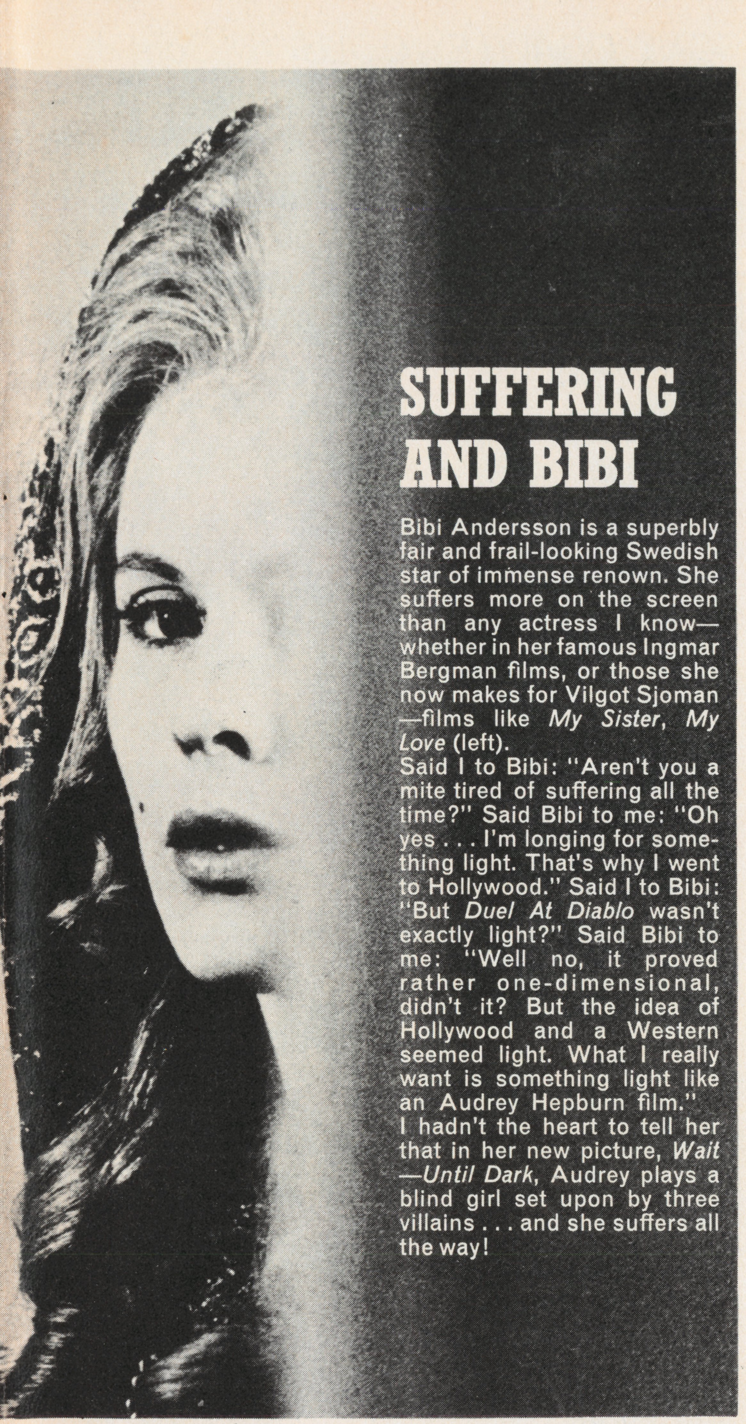


In Cold Storage

This is Nadia Sanders, a beautiful blonde from Toulouse, in France. She is now in Hollywood, where she has made her film debut in the new Matt Helm film, *Murderers' Row*. A juicy part? Small but pivotal? Long clinches with Dean Martin? Battling alongside him to save the world? Well, yes . . . and no!

Nadia plays a secret-agent. She is Matt's contact on the Riviera. He visits her apartment. No one is there. Dino waits. Then, feeling thirsty, he checks the fridge for booze. And out falls Nadia. Still beautiful. Still blonde. But cold. Very cold—and dead.

"Well," says Nadia. "We all have to start somehow . . .!"



SUFFERING AND BIBI

Bibi Andersson is a superbly fair and frail-looking Swedish star of immense renown. She suffers more on the screen than any actress I know—whether in her famous Ingmar Bergman films, or those she now makes for Vilgot Sjoman—films like *My Sister, My Love* (left).

Said I to Bibi: "Aren't you a mite tired of suffering all the time?" Said Bibi to me: "Oh yes . . . I'm longing for something light. That's why I went to Hollywood." Said I to Bibi: "But *Duel At Diablo* wasn't exactly light?" Said Bibi to me: "Well no, it proved rather one-dimensional, didn't it? But the idea of Hollywood and a Western seemed light. What I really want is something light like an Audrey Hepburn film."

I hadn't the heart to tell her that in her new picture, *Wait—Until Dark*, Audrey plays a blind girl set upon by three villains . . . and she suffers all the way!

PAPPARAZZI

ex-big-names on the come-back trail.

Then there are, as Ray Stark puts it, "some performers who insist on the dignity of some private existence." Of course, these include the Burtons. They have just made three films between them in Rome (and Burton goes back soon for *Waterloo*), despite their understandable hatred of the papparazzi which started in the *Cleopatra* days. This time they seemed to have escaped unscathed—at a price. The Burtons had four detectives guarding their home throughout their stay; plus two more guarding Liz at work.

"It's awful in Rome," one actress told me recently. "You'd need a house without windows to escape them. Even then they'd find their way into your bedroom or bathroom!"

With the battle in the open, Ray Stark warns that in the end it will be the Italian film industry that will suffer. If the papparazzi are not checked, more stars will refuse to work in Rome.

It is ironic that Brando should have started this new wave of indignation. Liberal in most things, he is forever on the side of the underdog. At least, he is when the underdog deserves some vestige of respect.

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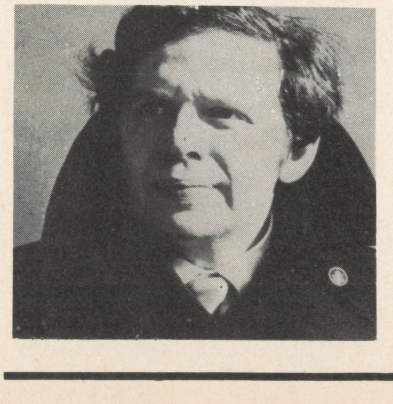


PREDICTION SPOT

May I suggest you watch out for this man—Severn Darden playing James Coburn's cowardly buddy in *Dead Heat On A Merry-Go-Round*. He comes from the same school (i.e. Chicago's *Second City* satirical revue) as Alan Arkin. That neatly sums up his small, but memorable, debut in films. Mark my words.

a PRINCESS!

Ladies and gentlemen, may I present . . . Her Serene Highness Princess Ira von Furstenberg . . . daughter of Prince Tossilo von Furstenberg . . . ex-wife of Prince Alfonso von Hohenloe-Langeburg . . . mother of Prince Cristophe (10) and Prince Umberto (7) von Hohenloe-Langeburg . . . ex-wife of Francisco ("Baby") Pignatari, the Brazilian millionaire playboy . . . and hereinafter to be known as IRA FURSTENBERG, film-star!

"I simply grew tired of waking each morning and wondering how I could fill my day," says Ira, explaining her move from jet-set to movie-set.

Italian producer Dino de Laurentiis is the force behind the move. He's the man who just won't give up. He owns the biggest studio in all Italy, but still hasn't a world star of his own. His wife, actress Silvana Mangano, will make the odd film for him, but she really doesn't want to be a star any more.

So Dino began star-building two years ago. He started with Soraya, the ex-empress to the Shah of Persia. But her debut, *Three Faces Of A Woman*, was not a hit and it still hasn't been shown here. Undaunted, Dino searched on —until he found Ira . . .

Ever since her fairy-tale marriage, at 15, to Prince Alfonso—with the full Press coverage of the wedding party sailing down the Grand Canal at Venice—Ira has been sought by producers.

Now, ten years later, she has finally said "Yes"—to Dino. "I want to do something worthwhile and not waste any more time," she said. "I have a great sense of independence and a desire to work."

And to prove just how serious she was, Ira had secretly taken acting lessons.

And so her debut was born—*Matchless*, a modern thriller with a top-secret script, a top Italian director, Alberto Lattuada; co-stars from Hollywood (Patrick O'Neal and Henry Silva) and Britain (Donald Pleasence).

Ira looks—and strips!—well; so the result, I'm told, is a hit. She's so good, in fact, that Ira is starring in three more films already, including *I Killed Rasputin* in Paris with Peter McEnery and Geraldine Chaplin.

IS IT HIM?

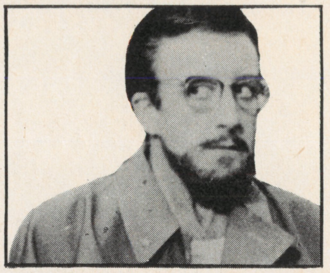
What's this—L.B.J. in a film role? No, it's a Columbia production man, Ivan Volkman, whose uncanny resemblance to the President led to his playing the Chief Executive in this gag in *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*. Volkman first played the role last year in a stage version of *Call Me Madam*. "And this," he swears, "is my last L.B.J. appearance!"

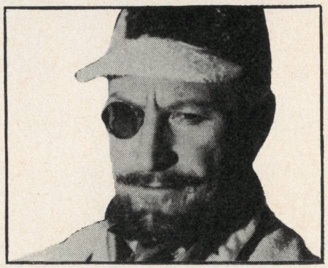
ff

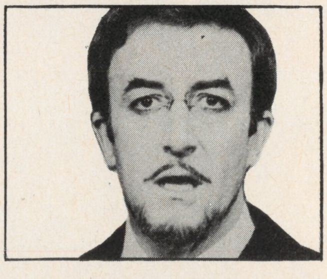
. . . is for FRANCOISE FIORETTI

A former Belgian beauty queen, Francoise is one of the fetching hibernation-girls in the spicy new thriller, *Kiss The Girls And Make Them Die*. It's an Italian film, starring Hollywood's Michael Connors and Dorothy Provine, Italy's Raf Vallone and Britain's Terry-Thomas. And it all takes place in Rio de Janeiro. "How's zat for an international beginning to my career," says FF.

WHICH BEARD IS SELLERS?





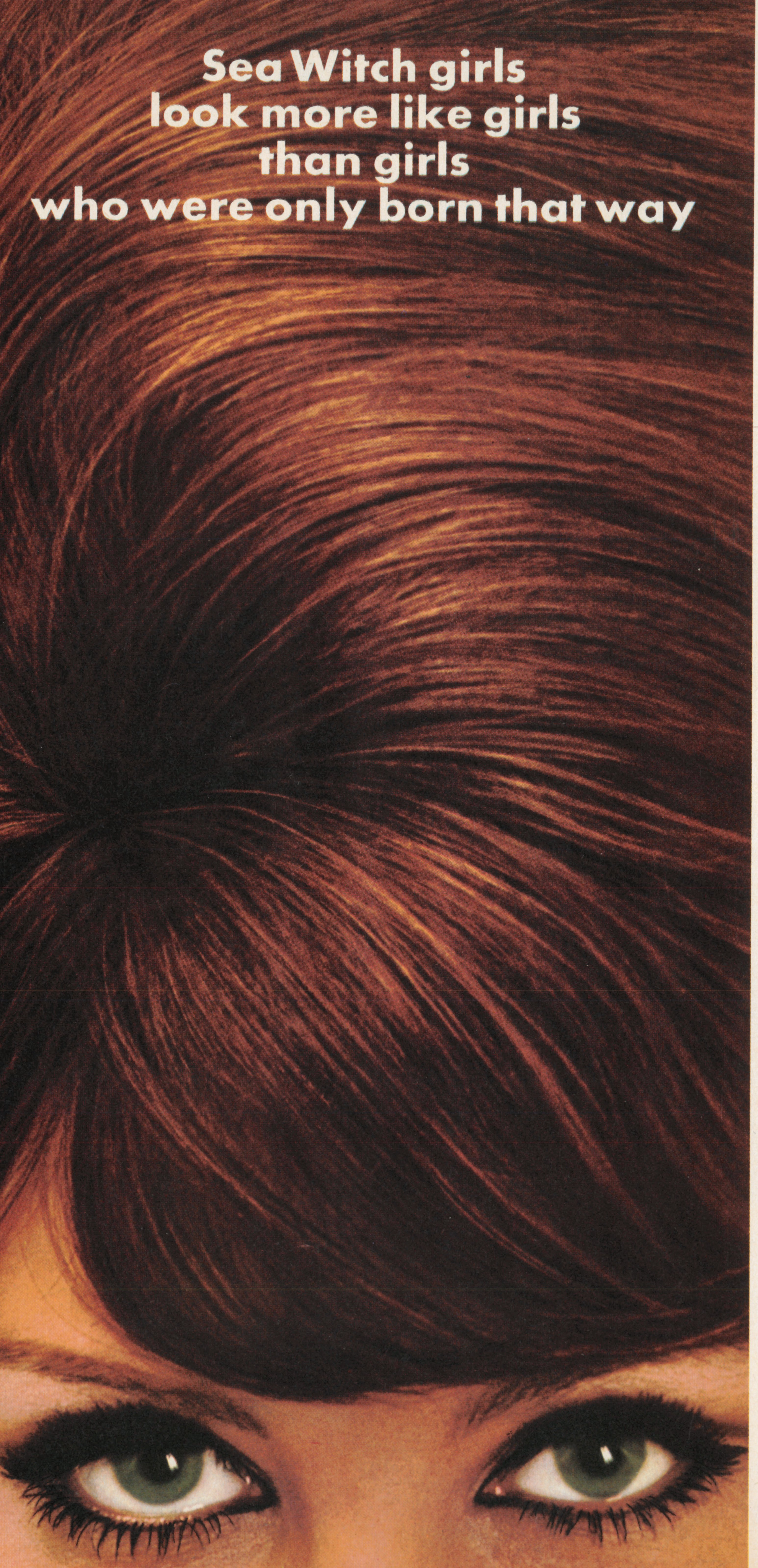


Peter Sellers is running out of new guises. These pictures prove my point: two of them are Sellers but they are *not* from the same film!

They come from his recent release, *After The Fox* (top), and his latest film, *Woman Times Seven* (bottom), in which he has a cameo role. Both films were directed by Vittorio De Sica — though that's hardly the reason for this double-*barbe*.

Why then? Because, alas, Sellers is now a super-star with a fine, slim image. Sellers used to complain he had no identity of his own. Now he has and, apparently, he doesn't want to lose it.

And who does the beard in the middle belong to? Clive Revill, who could beat Sellers soon. He was Dirk Bogarde's Scottish accountant in *Modesty Blaise*. He also played the Sheik in the same film. However, he was so well disguised no one realised this fact for months. After *Modesty* he went rather mad in *A Fine Madness*; then he portrayed a cop in *Kaleidoscope*. Now he's the villain in *Fathom* in my photo.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films COMING your way

1 *Night Of The Generals*

One of the main tourist attractions in Warsaw is the Ministry of Culture building on famous Krawowskie Street. The squat, greystone edifice, built by the Russians during the late 1940s, was a gift to the Polish people in reparation for the Soviet Union's share in the almost total destruction of the city. Ironically, while the Sam Spiegel-Anatole Litvak production, *The Night Of The Generals*, was in Warsaw on location, a second destruction of the city took place in the very shadows of the World War II memorial.

Again, beetle-like armoured cars and German panzer tanks roared through the narrow, cobbled streets and from pill-boxes and barricades, blank-faced storm troopers pillaged Warsaw as house after house toppled into the streets amid rubble and flames. The Nazi reprisals in Warsaw are an essential part of *The Night Of The Generals* which centres around a gripping manhunt for a psychopathic sex killer. The background is Warsaw, 1942; Paris, 1944, and the shattering conclusion occurs in present-day Nuremburg.

Though the Polish government gave official blessing to the film, it was the first American picture to be filmed in Poland since before World War II and no one could guarantee the reaction of the Warsaw inhabitants to the re-enactment of the horrifying mass butchery which still haunts the conscience of the world.

In order to re-create one of history's most shameful and shocking events, the film crew spent two months constructing an entire square in the centre of Warsaw, consisting of stores, houses, pill-boxes and barricades. As the crew literally turned back the clock and the section of Warsaw surrounding the Ministry of Culture took on the bleak appearance of a ravaged Poland, the crowds grew larger, and the atmosphere became silent and strained.

The tension increased when the actual shooting began and everyone, including stars Peter O'Toole, Tom Courtenay and Omar Sharif, felt it.

"The scenes obviously aroused unpleasant memories," O'Toole said later. "No one said anything. They would just look. And the fact they did not say anything made things all the more unpleasant."

The situation reached a crisis in a scene where O'Toole, in the role of the monolithic General Wilhelm Tanz, leader of the notorious Nibelungen division, arrived in Warsaw. O'Toole, resplendent in his German uniform, standing triumphantly in his command car, swept into Warsaw's main square, followed by a striking escort of military outriders. Suddenly the vast military procession ground to a halt. The general's staff car had broken down. As the cameras stopped rolling and the imposing Nazi entourage stood there nervously waiting for their instructions, a low grumble of resentment welled up from the onlookers at a sight which brought back rivers of bitter memories.

Then O'Toole jumped from his command car and ordered his officers to help the crew members push the command car through the square. The incongruous picture of the spit-and-polish German General, assisted by the most elite of the Nazi corps, pushing the command car, put the entire situation into the proper perspective. The bystanders began to laugh and applaud.

Subsequently the crowds grew larger—and helpful. During the filming of a scene in front of the German commandant's headquarters, a gentle 60-year-old man who had been silently dogging the crew's footsteps since the first day's shooting, suddenly approached Anatole Litvak and suggested the guards in front of the general's headquarters were placed in the wrong positions.

"How do you know where the guards were stationed?" demanded the irate director.

"I had to know," the man said quietly. "I was the one who walked through them and assassinated the general."

The bystander turned out to be Jack Bielinski, one of the few surviving heroes of the Polish resistance in Warsaw.

The Polish Government made all of its facilities available to the production, including an extremely capable film unit from the state-owned Polska Film Company.

However, not everyone in Warsaw could forget the terrible Nazi reprisals. A painful incident occurred while the unit was filming a night scene where a command car, carrying Omar Sharif, speeds down a blacked-out street and pulls up in front of a house.

On command of the Polish police, all lights along the streets were to be extinguished. At director Litvak's command the police gave the order, the cameras began to roll and the lights went out—except those in one window. The police went up to the apartment and were confronted by an angry old lady. Though they cajoled, pleaded and threatened, she refused to turn off her lights. A witness to the horror of the Nazi atrocities in 1942, she flatly refused to co-operate with anyone re-creating those dark days.

The police were forced to cut the electric cable leading to her apartment but when the cameras rolled again, there stood the stubborn old lady at the window holding two candles. Shooting was delayed until Litvak changed his camera set-ups. When the unit finally finished the scene at midnight and were preparing to leave, the old lady was still at the window with her candles.

"We're going to sue you!" the head of the Polska Company unit called up to her.

Defiantly, she yelled down to him, "Sue Hitler!"

TURN page

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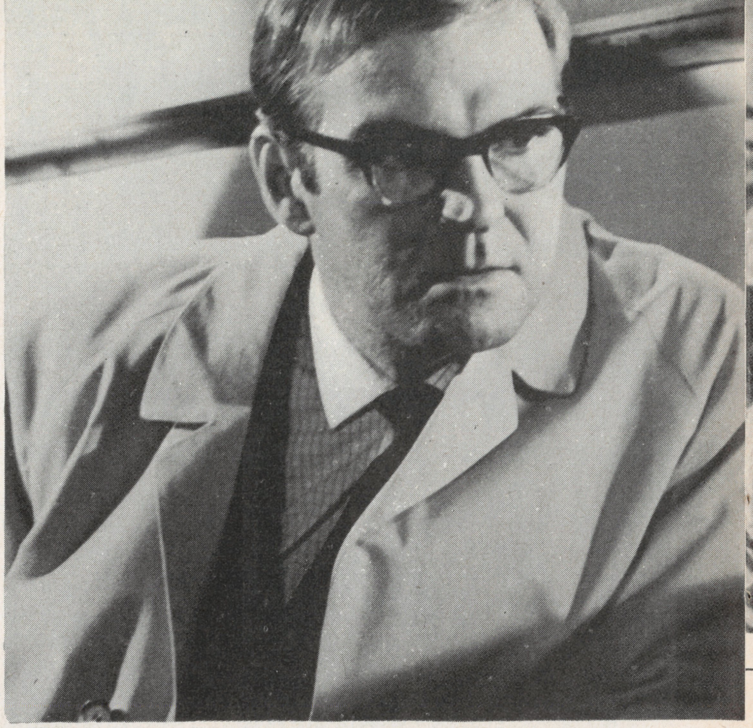
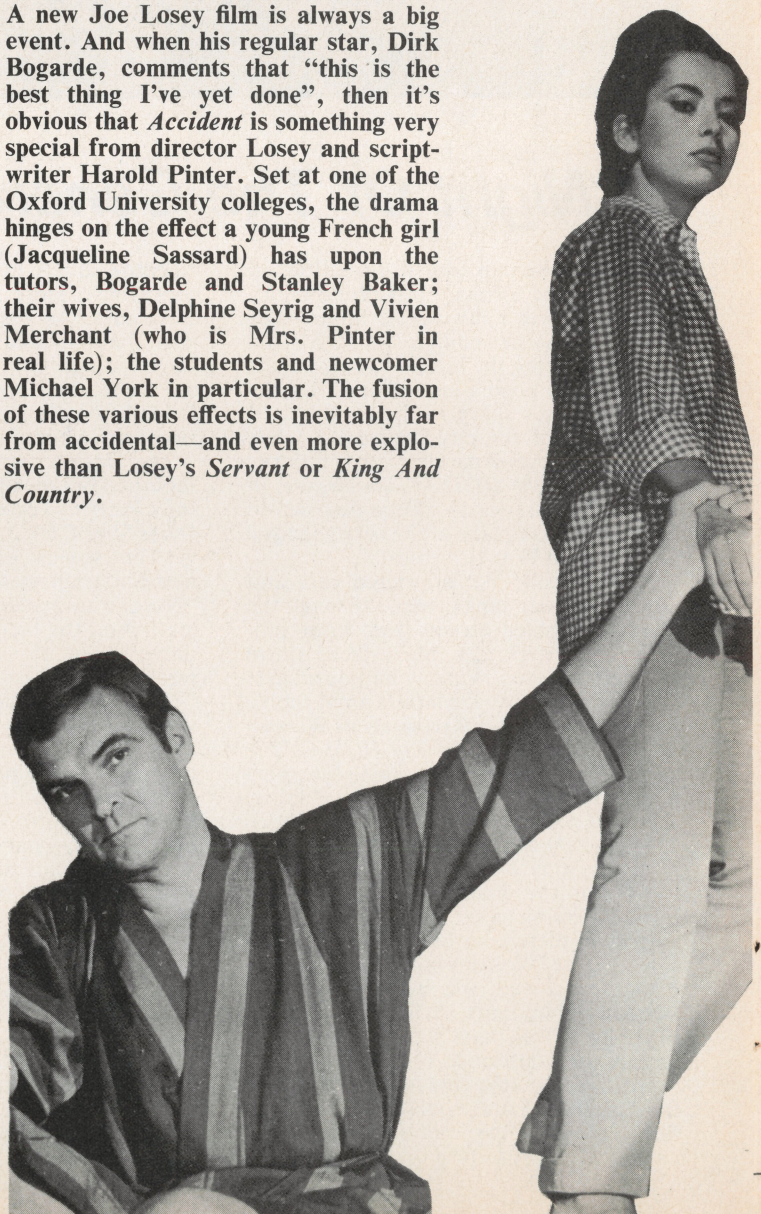
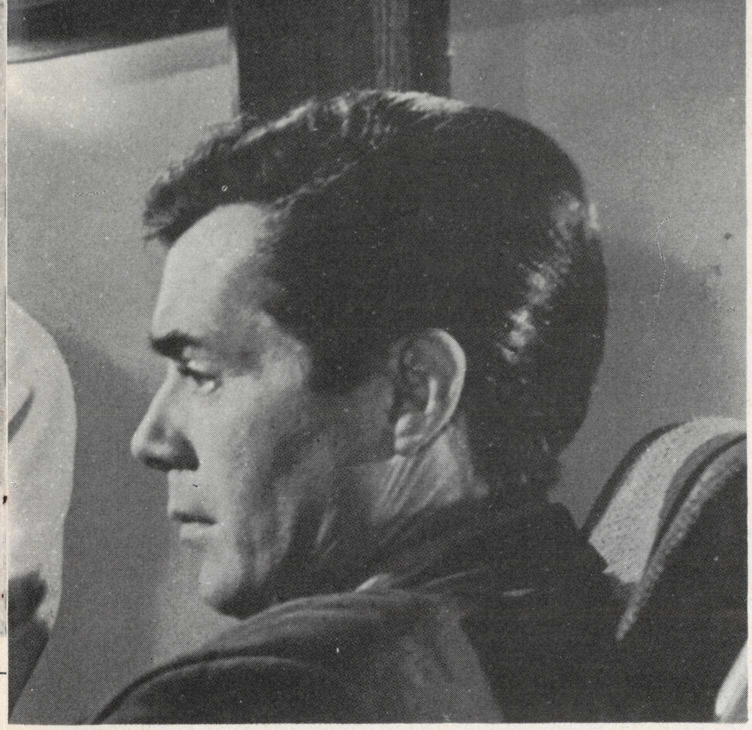


2 *Accident*

A new Joe Losey film is always a big event. And when his regular star, Dirk Bogarde, comments that "this is the best thing I've yet done", then it's obvious that *Accident* is something very special from director Losey and scriptwriter Harold Pinter. Set at one of the Oxford University colleges, the drama hinges on the effect a young French girl (Jacqueline Sassard) has upon the tutors, Bogarde and Stanley Baker; their wives, Delphine Seyrig and Vivien Merchant (who is Mrs. Pinter in real life); the students and newcomer Michael York in particular. The fusion of these various effects is inevitably far from accidental—and even more explosive than Losey's *Servant* or *King And Country*.





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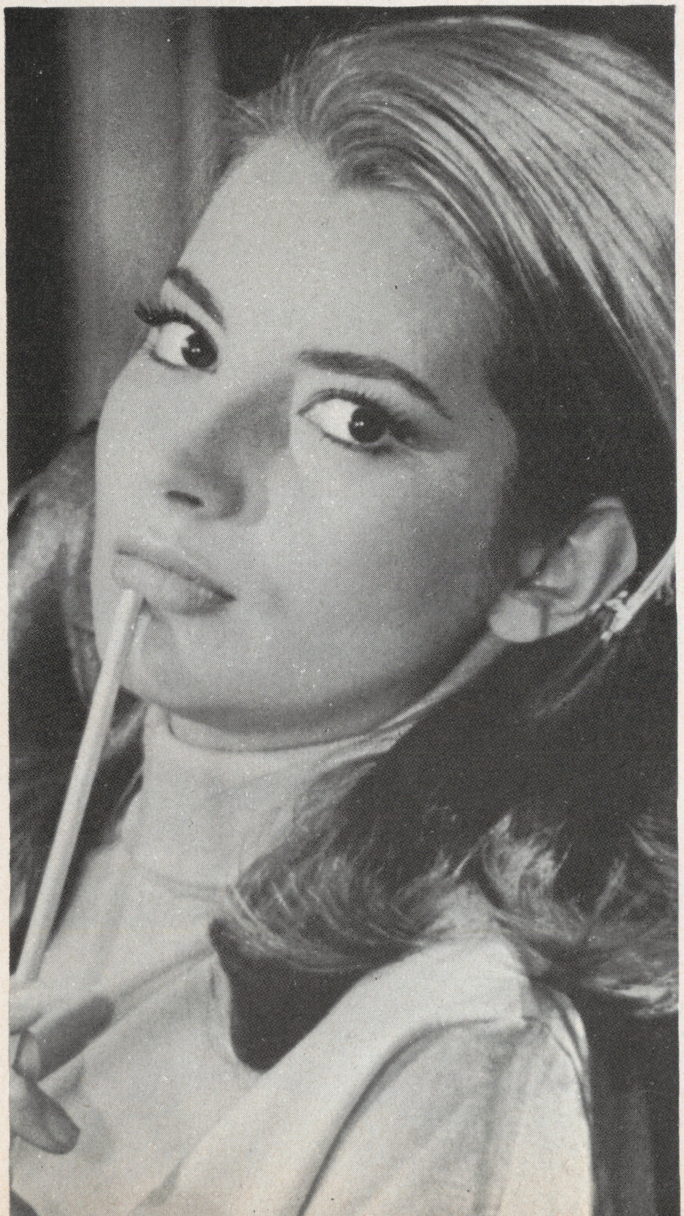
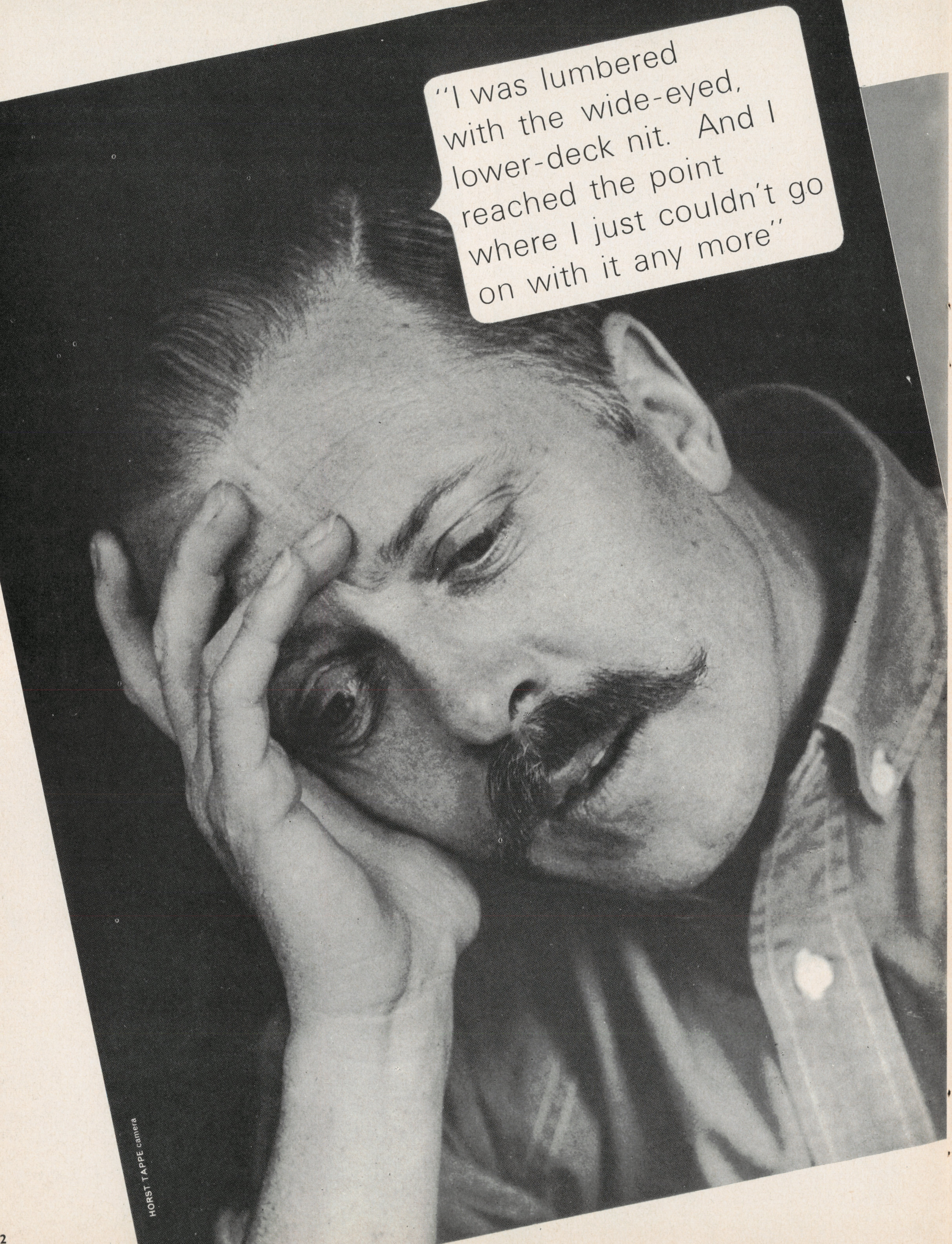


3 *Follow Me, Boys*

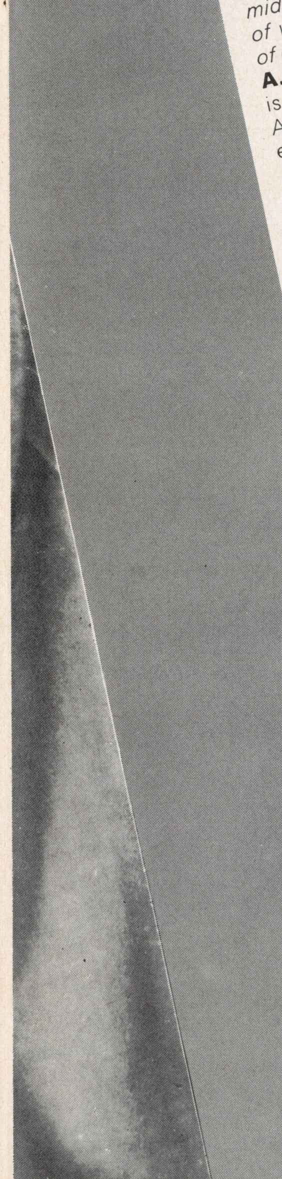
Fred MacMurray and Vera Miles star in the new Walt Disney film, *Follow Me, Boys*, a story about a man and a girl who gather their home town's youth into a citizen-building project called the Boy Scouts. The film does, in fact, concern the wandering minstrel and his troop of Scouts. It is heart-warming and funny. Another Disney hit!


"I was lumbered with the wide-eyed, lower-deck nit. And I reached the point where I just couldn't go on with it any more"

HORST TAPPE camera

How I got myself out of a rut

by Dickie Attenborough



Q. *Dickie, don't you think it a bit of a paradox in the '60s—with all the accent on youth—that now you are approaching early middle age, you are able to tackle the type of way-out roles you never had the chance of doing before? Why should this be?*

A. I haven't the remotest idea. All I do know is that it wasn't an easy thing to attain. About 15 or 20 years ago I was playing the equivalent of the young teenager. Then, as now, the entertainment world tended to select a particular aspect of youth. As everyone knows, I was lumbered with the wide-eyed, lower-deck nit. I just couldn't stop playing him. And I reached a point when I just couldn't go on with it any more. To get out of the rut I decided to quit acting and go into production. It was a tricky experiment which came off. Now I'm playing the parts I've always wanted to play. The fact that they are somewhat older than I am—as much as ten to 15 years—is really beside the point.

Q. *Even so, earlier in your career you had amply demonstrated how well you could play the really meaty role. Like your Pinky in* Brighton Rock, *for instance. Yet they soon had you back as the pretty boy wonder. Why this waste of your talent?*

A. Put it down to the shortcomings of film-making of the time. Production turnout then was phenomenal compared with today. And we unashamedly used to ape Hollywood, trying to pattern our "star" system on theirs, with long-term contracts with the big companies. And once you had been created a star by the British film industry they gave you a certain image. Any attempt to get away from that image was considered a mistake. It was really a system of playing safe. If you'd achieved a reasonable success in doing a certain type of part, you just went on doing it *ad nauseum*. But it was stultifying so far as the actor was concerned.

Q. *I believe it was your first association with Bryan Forbes during the making of* The Baby And The Battleship *when you both agreed that if you couldn't control a film, it would never bear your own stamp?*

A. We certainly did feel that. Bryan's complaint was that the scripts he wrote never reached the screen in anything like the form he intended. So we decided to try to set up a picture. We bought *No Cover For Harry*, which was about the first army newsreel cameraman. Bryan wrote the script. But nobody would look at it. The idea of two actors trying to make a picture was the big laugh of the time. So back I went to the old-style parts. It was while I was playing a Cockney soldier in a film called *Sea Of Sand* that Michael Craig told me of his idea for a film called *The Angry Silence*. He offered the subject to us if Bryan would script it.

Q. *This, then, was the breakaway?*

A. It was. The original idea was that I should produce the film. In fact, it was only because we couldn't afford a really attractive fee and couldn't find anyone to play the lead in *The Angry Silence*, that I ended up in the principal role. But it gave me my break, away from the type of part I'd been playing.

Q. *Would you say that* The Angry Silence *was really the beginning of the revolution in British picture-making?*

A. I wouldn't go as far as that. After all, Jack Clayton was making *Room At The Top* at the same time. But certainly *Silence* was one of the very new pictures, new in style and content, tackling a social problem—the unofficial strike—in a way no other British film had ever done before. It employed a frankness of language and an attitude that was different. And by working for literally nothing we earned a degree of freedom that established a new relationship between the independent producer and the distributor which, up to then, hadn't existed. We were permitted to make it our way.

Q. *Don't you think this big swing in attitudes of the British film industry eventually over-stepped the mark? That it was kitchen sink* ad nauseum*?*

A. Yes, I do. The trouble was that the subject matter of these films became an end in itself. When this happens it is over and finished and done with. In fact, had British pictures not got out of the "kitchen sink" they would have been even deader than they are. Let's face it, they're pretty dead now.

Q. *Is it as bad as that?*

A. The figures speak for themselves. Of all the films made in Britain, a mere 15 to 20% are financed by our own producers. The rest are American backed. It's a tragic position. And we are all guilty. I myself am playing in American-financed pictures. Even *Guns At Batasi* was American backed. But it gave me a splendid opportunity as an actor. You live by the cinema and if you're given the freedom and opportunity by American investment, well, that's the way it has to be.

Q. *I believe your Hollywood director for your new film,* The Sand Pebbles, *describes your technique as "a kind of plumbing". Can you expand on this?*

A. I don't honestly know quite what Robert Wise means. But I do this: I build things with Bob. You see, in this film, I play an American sailor. So I've had to unlearn all my knowledge of the British forces and

TO page 30

a Hugh Samson interview

discs

THE MUSICAL SCORE OF
The Wizard of Oz
LYRICS BY E. Y. HARBURG — MUSIC BY HAROLD ARLEN
Judy Garland and Victor Young
THE SONG HITS FROM WALT DISNEY'S
PINOCCHIO
CLIFF EDWARDS — THE KING'S MEN
THE KEN DARBY SINGERS — JULIETTA NOVIS
VICTOR YOUNG AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Music by Leigh Harline • Lyrics by Ned Washington

Treat the kids to a fine double bill on a new *Ace Of Hearts* album. It features the songs from the famous 1939 musical, ***The Wizard Of Oz,*** and the Walt Disney animation classic, ***Pinocchio.*** Judy Garland (who else?) stars on the ***Oz*** side of the LP. Backed by the famous Victor Young Orchestra, she sings *The Jitterbug* and her most famous number of all, *Over The Rainbow*. The Ken Darby Singers join Victor Young for *If I Only Had A Brain*, *We're Off To See The Wizard* and the other popular song from the film.

Cliff Edwards partners Victor Young for the ***Pinocchio*** favourites which include *When You Wish Upon A Star*, *I've Got No Strings*, *Jiminy Cricket* and *Give A Little Whistle*. Cliff provided the voice for Jiminy Cricket (Pinocchio's conscience) in the film and to hear him sing these songs again brings back some marvellous memories of a great picture.

THE QUIET LATIN MOODS OF CHAQUITO

Quiet Latin Moods Of Chaquito (*Fontana*) is excellent background music but it is hardly likely to take your breath away. The songs are familiar—*Tonight*, *People Will Say We're In Love*, *More Than You Know* and *Dancing In The Dark* are included—but Chaquito's arrangements are, mostly, uninspired and predictable.

P.S. *I don't know who the girl is on the cover. She doesn't feature on the LP, which is a pity. She looks delicious.*

An appealing French singer called Mireille Mathieu is responsible for a new *Fontana* LP bearing her name as the title. Mireille's voice is as French as Chevalier's accent and if ever a singer could replace the great Edith Piaf this is the one. If you don't believe me, listen to Mireille's rendering of *Le Funambule*, *Pourquoi Mon Amour*, *Je Veux* and the other French songs on the album.

the velvet voice of mel torme

The Velvet Voice Of Mel Torme (*MFP*) is an album you can sit back and enjoy at any time. The songs are good (*Blue Moon*, *I Hadn't Anyone Till You*, *Skylark* and *Black Moonlight* are my favourites) and Mel gives them all a touch of magic.

The Bedside Bond (*Decca*), presented by Penthouse Magazine, is a sophisticated LP written and recorded by some of the finest jazz musicians in Britain. Titles include *Bond's Lament*, *Big "M"*, *Bond For President* and *Honey's Theme*. Play it when the lights are low, the company is right and the champagne is cooling in the fridge.

After Caterina Valente's splendid album featuring her greatest hits (*The Breeze And I*, *La Paloma*, *Besame Mucho* were included) comes another winner, ***The Intimate Valente*** (*Decca*).

La Valente seems as much at home with up-tempo, big band swinging songs as she is with silky-soft messages of love. As the title suggests, it is the latter which predominates here. Her version of *People* is superb and, just as good, are her versions of *Moon River*, *You And I*, *Over The Rainbow* and *O Ganso*. A smooth, sophisticated album which everyone will enjoy.

MIXED BAG
THE FOUR PENNIES
PHILIPS

I have always thought The Four Pennies a cut above most other groups of their kind, but their recent LP, ***Mixed Bag*** (*Philips*), is a disappointment.

Although the boys themselves are in good form, the songs are mediocre. Numbers like *Cryin' Inside*, *I'm On My Own*, *Iko-Iko* and *Stewball* might be fine as part of a programme for a one-night stand but not for an album which is supposed to give one pleasure over the years and not be merely a five-minute wonder.

The Spinners latest album, ***The Family Of Man*** (*Fontana*), includes a well-known pumping shanty, *A-Roving*, a Scots ballad, *Bonnie House Of Airlie*, an Irish song, *Bold Reynolds*, and a wistful Jamaican number, *Liza*. And that's not all! There is a bunch of other lively and amusing melodies ranging from sea shanties to a song from South Africa.

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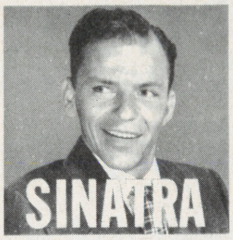

*81 The fabulous Sinatra swings and sings 12 top songs. Don't Worry About Me; Melody of Love; Look over your Shoulder; White Christmas; etc.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

89 Star cast singing all the greats like Climb Ev'ry Mountain; Do-Re-Mi; Lonely Goat-herd; Favourite Things etc.

HIDE & SEEKERS

443 Chart-topping MORNING TOWN RIDE; WE'RE MOVING ON; Blowin' in the wind; 9 more hits.

THE MERRY WIDOW

60 Glorious melodies performed by Jacqueline Delman, John Larsen, Linden Singers, Sinfonia Orch./Hollingsworth.

PIANO CONCERTO
GRIEG

*63 Alexander Jenner in an electrifying performance with the Bavarian State Radio Orch., led by Odd Gruner-Hegge.

302 Vintage collection of ballads by the Big Daddy of folk-singers. Tracks inc. Early One Morning, The Irish Rover.

GLENN MILLER

*223 In the Mood; Bugle-Call Rag; Chattanooga Choo-Choo; Serenade in Blue 9 original tracks that are classics.

11 Thrill to Surrey With The Fringe, Oh What a Beautiful Morning and all the hits of this classic show.

TCHAIKOVSKY
SWAN LAKE

31 John Hollingsworth conducts the Sinfonia of London in a thrilling performance of this famous ballet music.

MY FAIR LADY
ORCHESTRAL SUITE

*219 Ornadel/Westminster Festival Orch. in all the hit numbers: Street Where You Live; Little Bit; Ascot Gavotte.

South Pacific

1 The *complete* score from this great musical. With Ian Wallace, Joyce Blair and Chorus.

THE KING and I

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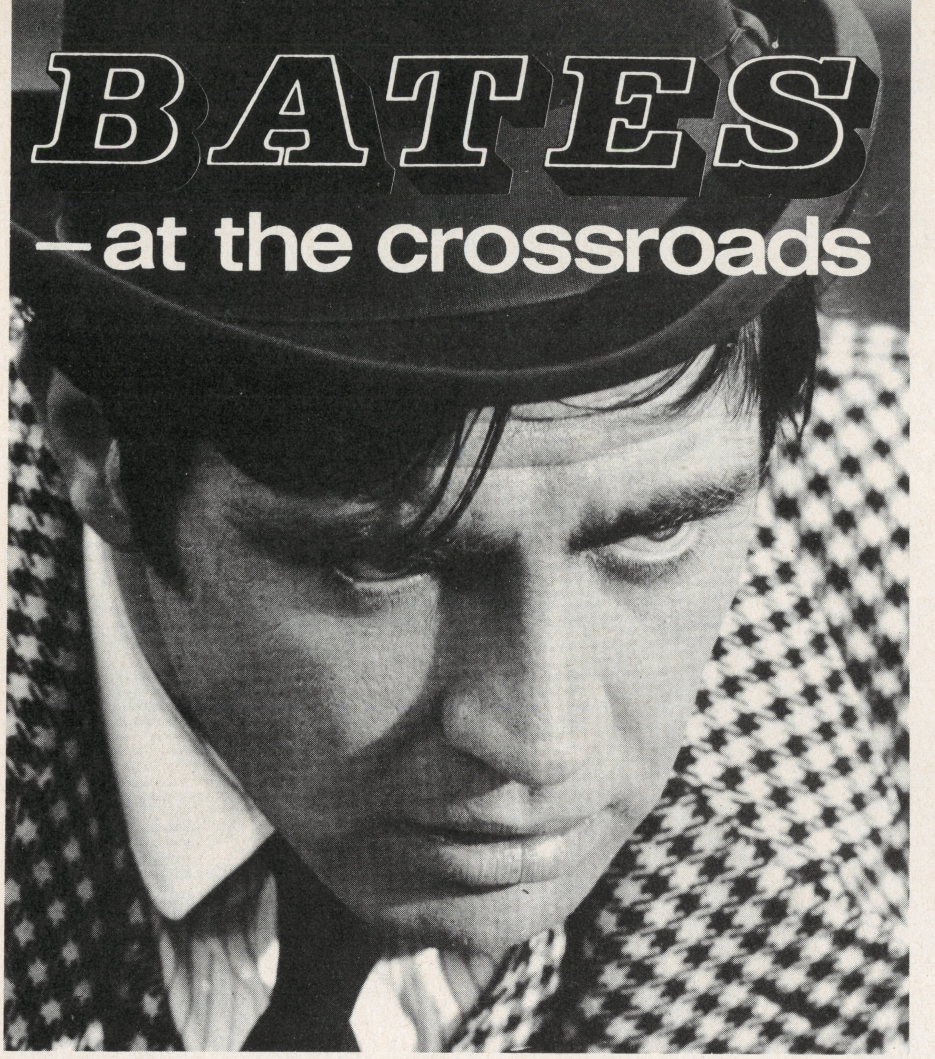
BATES
—at the crossroads



When most people list the big new breed of film actor that Britain basks in these days, you can be sure they put Finney and O'Toole—maybe Caine, too—way at the top. Richard Harris usually rates a prime place; so, too, do Terence Stamp and David Warner. But one man who should be included, rarely is.

He's an actor who started off level-pegging with the rest, but has since tended to spread his talent rather more than any new-breed image. Consequently, at listing-time, he's forgotten more often than not; left out in the cold. The name? Alan Bates.

He was there, not so very far back, in *The Entertainer,* which was also Finney's debut, but Bates had the larger role. He was in *Whistle Down The Wind,* the first film of today's most "in" director, Bryan Forbes. He was bought out of a Broadway play for 10,000 dollars for a film (*A Kind Of Loving*) in the days of the continual Northern lover. He repeated his stage role in *The Caretaker*—a film considered so important that other top stars financed it. He went on to make *Nothing But The Best*, Britain's only truly sophisticated comedy since the old Ealing days. And he's still there at the top, having just completed *Far From The Madding Crowd* with Julie Christie in Dorset.

Not that Bates worries too much about being left out of the list of those at the top. He has no time for shilly-shallying around building up some splendid, swinging image for himself. He's more concerned in getting on with the one thing in life he likes best, craves most and knows increasingly more about—acting.

"I don't know why I became an actor—it just hit me while I was at school, at about 11, and then became an absolute obsession." His accent, RADA-polished Derby, makes him sound like David Nixon of all people; he talks tardily first, then, once he knows where he's bound, steams briskly ahead.

"Now I'd like to go a bit further. I've done a lot of very nice things which have meant a lot to me; which have been successful—though luck has a lot to do with it. Now I'd like to push it a bit—if I can. Not in the success-sense, but in exploring myself; to see if I can adapt, write or even direct."

Meanwhile, Alan Bates, given those essential implements of an actor's trade, a good script and a good director, acts anywhere, any time. In the truest sense of the word, he's more international than the rest of the group; becoming quite renowned of late for quiet, stealthy, almost surreptitious, trips abroad to Greece and France.

For filming? Yes, of course. We never know this when he leaves, simply because no one ever really seems to care why, let alone where, he is going . . . until a film like *Zorba The Greek* explodes on an unsuspecting public . . . until Jean-Paul Belmondo's favourite director sends for him to play the lead—in French—in *King Of Hearts* . . . until he stays home long enough to make another "little" British film.

His last "little" one was *Georgy Girl*—one of last year's biggest hits! He played Jos—which, to my mind at least, was a rather neat in-joke from Bates. For Jos was—superficially, at least—exactly the kind of new-breed, in-swinging cat that Bates is rarely grouped with. The gay, having-a-ball, all Carnaby-and-cheek type. It was a powerhouse performance from a more usually subdued player.

"Yes, he was very wild," agrees Alan, still quiet. "I wanted to play him because, in a way, he's everybody's fantasy figure—including mine. The sort of person who really lives, having this great time, with everybody adoring him. In fact, there's nothing there at all.

"He's . . . what's the word . . . disorientated?—yes! He lives absolutely on the surface, simply because he enjoys it that way. He ends up with nothing because he can never be orientated. He just can't face it. The minute something really big comes along, a responsibility or something to take him out of the road of his own pleasure, he can't cope. He can't go outside his own image of himself.

"There's much more to him, of course, but he's one of those people who will never realise it. He keeps sensing it—and the moment he does, he goes and does something silly because he can't face it."

As you can determine from that Bates' eye-view of Jos, Alan works hard on building his characters, giving them weeks, even months, of careful thought and consideration. He attempts to know his character to the nth degree, in order to have complete freedom and naturalness in front of the camera. "Once I feel I know him, the details

TO page 30

Showtime spotlights the actor who is often left out in the cold

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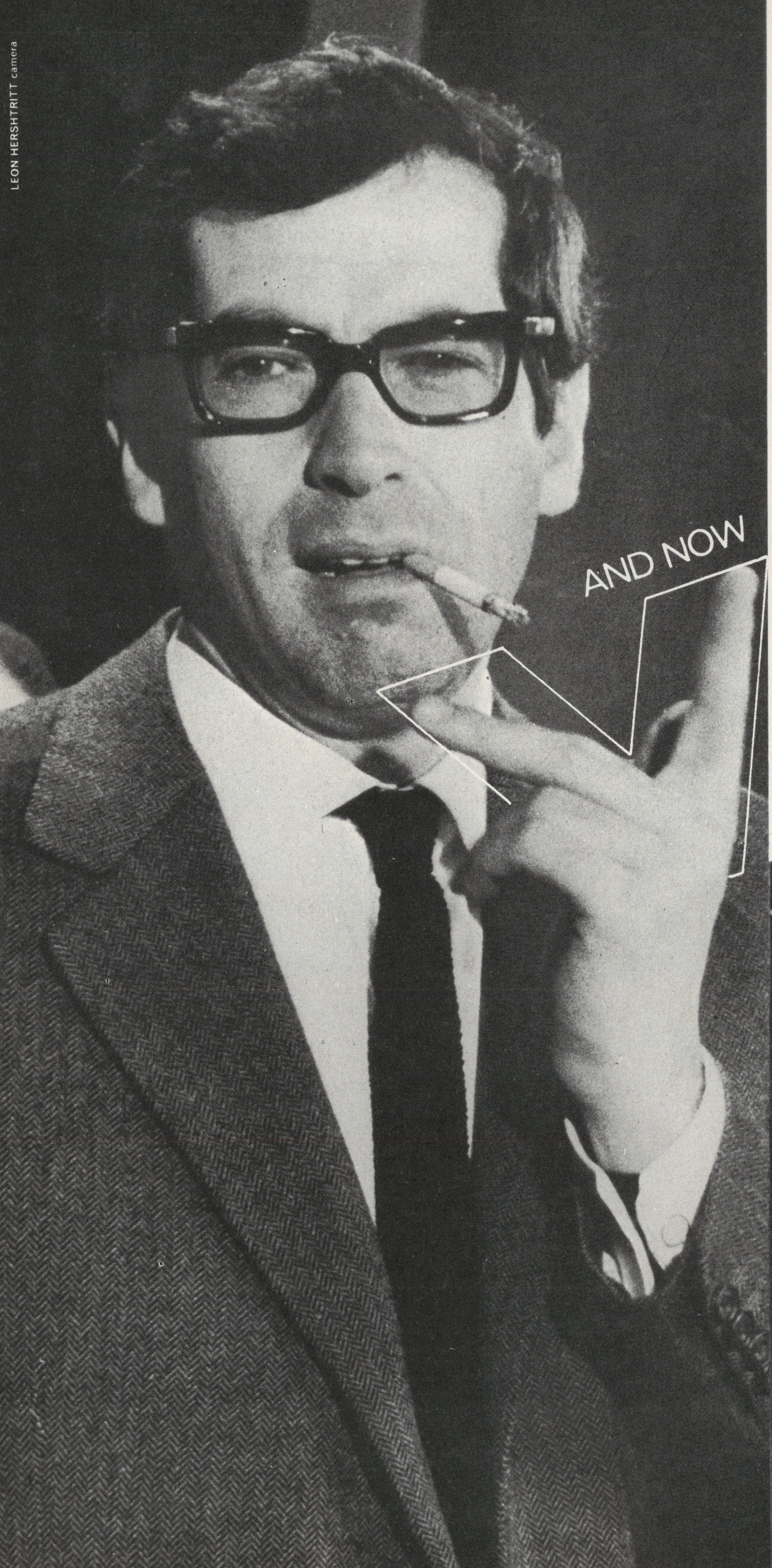

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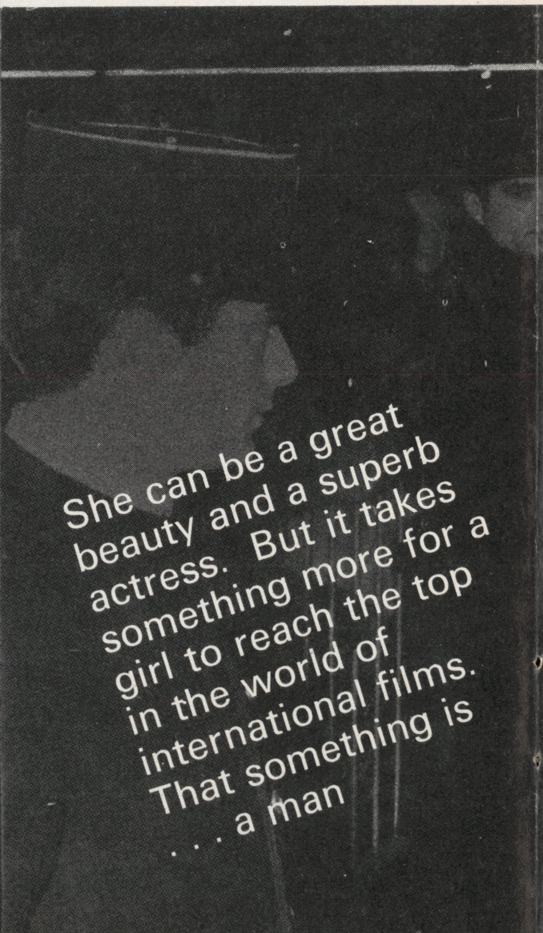

She can be a great beauty and a superb actress. But it takes something more for a girl to reach the top in the world of international films. That something is . . . a man

The most extraordinary of all the men whose brilliance has helped beautiful women to become top stars is a rather horsy-looking Russian-Frenchman called Roger Vadim.

As a film maker he is perhaps more of an elegant titillator than a profound philosopher. But as a man, beautiful women find him fascinating and most men are frankly jealous of him.

He wooed, married and made a once unknown model, Brigitte Bardot, Europe's greatest girl star. He married Danish *au pair* girl Annette Stroyberg and put her into films. He loved and launched into movies Catherine Deneuve, who bore him a son but wouldn't marry him. And today he is married to lovely Jane Fonda, the one-time all-American campus cutie, who has blossomed out under Vadim's influence into a more sensuous international sophisticate.

Vadim denies emphatically that he "creates" girl stars into his own dream of womanly perfection. "I help a woman reveal what is already inside her, that's all."

Jane Fonda frankly admits that Roger has changed her. "Some people say I look more French now. If I have changed, it is happiness which has done it. And if being happy makes a girl look French, then I must look very French. The moment I realised Roger was interested only in letting me be myself, I trusted him completely."

How did Roger Vadim (born Vladimir Plemiannikov, son of a French mother and a Russian father) come to begin his extraordinary career? It was while he was working on Paris-Match, and as a part-time assistant to film director Marc Allegret.

Allegret saw a picture of a teenage model, Brigitte Bardot, in a magazine and sent Roger to offer her a film role. Bardot, a middle-class bourgois daughter of a wealthy oxygen manufacturer, had led a sheltered life. As she confessed afterwards: "I was so fascinated by Vadim. He knew so much and seemed to be so free."

Vadim was equally fascinated by Bardot. He had very positive ideas about his generation, and he saw in her restless nature, qualities which expressed the frenzy of the youthful post-war generation in Europe. By exploiting them, he turned her into one of the most formidable sex symbols ever known. Her films typified modern youth and its partial inability to cope with increased sexual freedom.

She was a girl who did what she liked when she liked—with no thought for the consequences. It shows how right and far ahead of his time Roger Vadim was when one realises this is still the theme of such modern films as *Darling*.

Roger guided Bardot for six years through films in which she was childishly provocative, a little wild and stripped to the barest that censors would allow. He often described Bardot as not so much an actress as a "natural phenomenon. She does not act—she exists." But, of course, Vadim was planning it all the time.

Then in 1956 producer Raoul Levy gave Vadim his chance to make his own film, *And God Created Woman*. It made BB and Vadim internationally famous. By now Bardot had begun to believe her own myth: "I must resemble the whole of my generation and that's why they have adopted me."

Many young people vehemently disowned this idea and Vadim and Bardot were where they wanted to be—on two towering peaks of notoriety.

Jane Fonda and Roger Vadim: "I hated him at first. But I knew we'd marry in the end."

Then, soon after, Bardot had a love affair with her leading man, Jean Louis Trintignant, and she and Vadim split up, divorcing in 1957.

She told me then: "I don't believe we fall in love only once. But is that really bad?"

Recently, ten years and another divorce later, she was telling me: "Marriage for me is not important—only for the other people in society. I differ from them because I do not care about society. And it is not just having enough money to indulge my attitudes. Even if I had no money I would maybe be able to live with somebody without being married . . . I am a free woman, independent."

Despite her denials that Vadim had changed her, he did, of course, make an enormous difference to the young model.

Vadim met Annette Stroyberg when he was separated from Bardot. She was in Paris after being an *au pair* girl in London and a water-ski instructress at Ruislip Lido.

He starred her in *Les Liaisons Dangereuse*, a film that was held up for 18 months through censor troubles . . . and then made a fortune.

Certainly, with her hair falling in charming disarray, Stroyberg was almost an exact BB-replica. Vadim married her.

In their next film Vadim showed that his approach to his favourite theme—sexuality—was becoming more complicated. Miss Stroyberg played a girl vampire called on to sink her fangs delicately into Elsa Martinelli's pretty neck.

But the film, said Vadim, was a 'disaster.' Annette told me that at the time they made it, she and Vadim were quarrelling at home. And the strain must have told because the couple went their separate ways. Vadim back to Paris and Stroyberg to Rome.

Of Annette, Vadim has said: "Unfortunately, she has not done so well. Her trouble was that she became famous before she became an actress. Now it may be too late for her to learn."

Next girl to fall under the Vadim spell was actress Catherine Deneuve.

He starred her in *Vice And Virtue*, roughly based on the works of the Marquis de Sade, but it didn't exactly light any international beacons.

The couple never married though Deneuve bore Vadim a son. She explained at the time: "I prefer living alone. I have an apartment in Paris and all I want out of life is to be a mother and also have a career . . . I wanted with all my heart to have the baby and now that he's growing up he gives me so much pleasure. I think somehow marriage would destroy his relationship."

Later Miss Deneuve became a star name after *Umbrellas Of Cherbourg* and *Repulsion*. And she also changed her concept of marriage . . . she's wed now to Jean Shrimpton's mentor, photographer David Bailey.

Today Roger Vadim is working his magic on Jane Fonda, who is wife No. 3, and a most intelligent young actress.

Daughter of Henry Fonda, Jane went around for years saying she was against marriage. Nervous and highly strung, her childhood was unconventional. Her father has been married four times. When she was 12, Jane was told that her mother (Fonda's second wife, Frances Brokaw) had died of a

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8 Payments £3.14.6.
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8 Payments £1.7.6.
Cash £12.10.0.

21. Signet Ring
1st Payment 12/–
8 Payments 11/–
Cash £5.0.0.

140. Single Diamond
1st Payment £3.9.0.
8 Payments £3.4.6.
or Cash £29.5.0.

308. Three Diamonds
1st Payment £1.13.0.
8 Payments £1.9.0.
or Cash £13.5.0.

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8 Payments £7.4.6.
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504. Five Diamonds
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172. Single Diamond
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921. Wedding Ring
1st Payment 7/6.
8 Payments 10/–.
Cash £4.7.6.

27. Signet Ring
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8 Payments £5.7.6.
Cash £48.15.0.

362. Three Diamonds
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8 Payments £1.11.6.
or Cash £14.5.0.

922. Wedding Ring
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8 Payments 10/–.
Cash £4.7.6.

42. Signet Ring
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8 Payments 17/6
Cash £7.17.6.

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Stone. 1st Pay. £1.17.6.
8 Payments £1.10.0.
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8 Payments £2.5.0.
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47. Signet Ring
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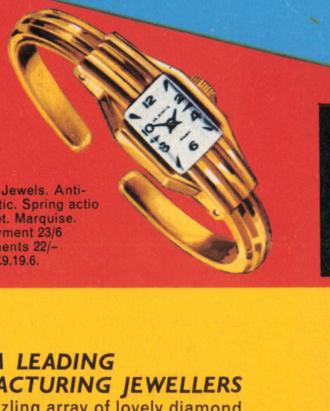

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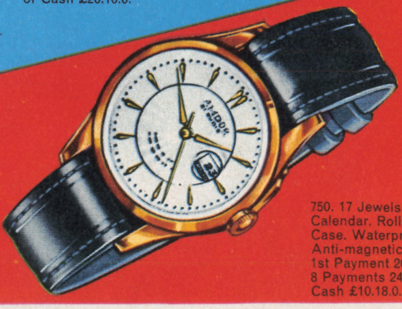

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FROM page 19

heart attack. Shortly afterwards Jane herself read in a film magazine that her mother had actually cut her throat in an asylum.

She first met Vadim in 1957 when she was going through an 'art student' period. At first she was afraid of both the man and his reputation. They met again five years later when Vadim wanted her for *La Ronde*.

"There were times when I was determined not to marry Vadim," Jane Fonda recalls. "But I think I knew at the back of my mind we would marry in the end. I hated him at first. When he said he wanted me to film *La Ronde*, the producer told Vadim I would never work for him because I hated him.

"But we met again before the film started and I realised he was a very likeable person. People in Paris had warned me against Vadim 'the ogre'. But, you know, the whole false image is a direct result of his success. Men are jealous of him, women are afraid of him. They resent the very fact that they are attracted to him. I like the way he walks, his gestures, his absolute calm in a crisis. This is the first time in my life I've experienced total relaxation."

Vadim says his greatest task with Fonda has been to break her Hollywood education. "For that has killed the instinct and I have to bring back the instinct. I have to give her acting the kiss of life."

They married while she was making *The Chase*—and Jane receives the Vadim-BB-nudity treatment in their new drama, *The Game Is Over*.

He is still obsessed with the meaning of love, but feels it's no longer enough to look at love through the eyes of sexuality alone. Today, he says, it's no longer a problem for women to be sexually free. What interests him now is not the choice of freedom but the true way to it.

No doubt Vadim will, one day, find the answer, in the harmony of his marriage to Jane Fonda and in the sometime seclusion of their chateau 50 miles west of Paris.

Michelangelo Antonioni and Monica Vitti

Not many years ago Monica Vitti, then a leading stage actress in Rome, refused films because she 'wasn't beautiful'.

Then she met the distinguished Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni. A fateful meeting indeed; it changed both their lives and gave new dimensions to the world of filming.

It was long before the austere Antonioni was acclaimed the master he is today. He was, in fact, virtually penniless and his biggest problem was not just to make good films but how to even get a film off the ground at all!

Yet he persuaded Miss Vitti to leave the stage to join him and make *L'Avventura*. The film made them both internationally famous. Yet halfway through it, they ran completely out of money and the project was nearly abandoned.

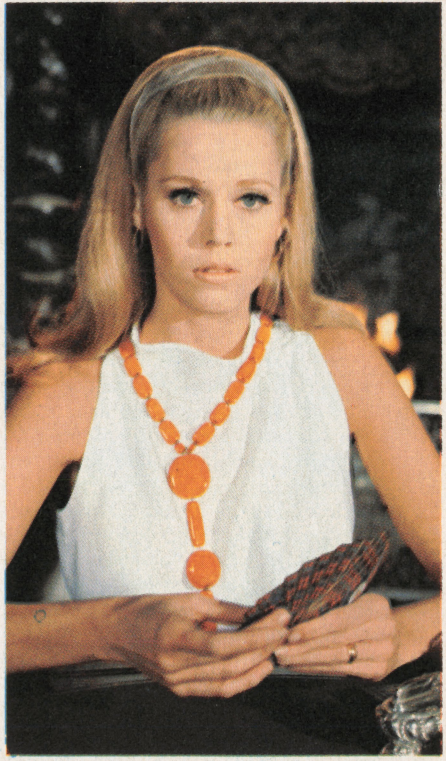
Today the director's first trilogy of films with Vitti, *L'Avventura*, *La Notte* and *L'Eclipse*—all of which stress his constant theme: the hopeless impossibility of lasting love between modern man and woman—are lauded as classics by the critics.

Antonioni found that Vitti's cool arrogant blondness, her large mobile face with its patrician nose, wide sensual mouth and huge green eyes, were physically perfect for his directorial methods.

"She has a lively intelligent face, expressive and mobile, and one can photograph the apparent passing of her thoughts. She responds to my direction superbly and at the merest suggestion from me, her aspect changes."

Such qualities are indispensable to Antonioni for he tends to regard actors as

TURN page



VADIM'S GALLERY. Here's just three of the glamorous stars Vadim has created in his own particular fashion—his first, and his latest wife, and the only girl who turned him down . . .

CATHERINE DENEUVE (top): "I wanted with all my heart to have the baby . . ."

JANE FONDA (centre): "The moment I realised Roger was only letting me be myself, I trusted him completely."

And the first, the Vadim-original **BRIGITTE BARDOT (left):** "I was so fascinated by Vadim. He knew so much and seemed to be so free."

MADE IN ITALY. Monica Vitti (left) and Claudia Cardinale, built by Antonioni and Cristaldi respectively.

FROM previous page

docile puppets with himself as the creator who pulls the strings.

Ever since *L'Avventura* he has been Monica Vitti's devoted companion. They cannot marry because under Italian law he cannot divorce his first wife.

Even when she came to Britain to make *Modesty Blaise*, he came too.

Antonioni didn't direct *Modesty Blaise* but he it was who helped her get the part. Often she had told him she wanted to do something different; something that would increase her international worth.

Several scripts were written and directors mooted but it was again on Antonioni's advice that she asked producer Joseph Janni to try to get Joe Losey (*The Servant* and *King And Country*) to direct it. Losey did.

Vitti met Antonioni in 1958 when she was dubbing actress Dorian Gray's voice in *El Grido*. The director was mystified that such obvious talent had not been screened.

"I told him I didn't think I was as a girl must be for the cinema," Monica recalls. " '*My bust is not big enough and my nose has a lump in it. I am not beautiful, you see.*'

" 'But,' he said, 'perhaps in *my* films, *my* work, you are exactly what I want because I don t want a beautiful woman. I want a more normal face with great mobility of expression—like your's.' He wanted to do a story of his own that he thought was important. After two years he found a madman, a producer who would help finance his dream, *L'Avventura*."

Monica laughs loudly as she recalls the hard days of that early partnership which was destined to become one of the most successful of all.

"We went to a little island off Sicily to make the film but after two weeks there is no money left. The technicians started to leave and Antonioni [*she calls him by his surname*] says 'I do not care if no one believes in me. I go on even if we don't eat.'

"In the end we nearly starved and there were only three people left—us and one cameraman. He managed to get a new unit together by phone calls and we finished the picture. You know, it has now won 27 international prizes yet we had very little money from it because we had sold so much of his interest in it to get it made."

While Miss Vitti has established an irreplaceable part in Antonioni's life and art, she owes most of her success to him.

"I always do as he tells me when I work with him. His idea of the film is the most important thing. Yet in every one there is a part of me too, a great feeling of me. What we need most and what we have is complete faith in each other. He trusts me. He knows I am not just a normal actress playing a part but that I have something more, a special singularity that suits his ideas.

"The most important thing in a relationship like our's is not just to *know* each other but to have mutual faith."

Antonioni has had a long battle for recognition, even in his own country. And while he has done a lot for Monica Vitti, there is little doubt that he too owes her a great debt.

Whether she will develop overpowering ambitions to be a world star on a broader scale and thus eventually break from her loving mentor, yet remains to be seen.

Franco Cristaldi and Claudia Cardinale

Eight years ago a young girl who had trained to be a teacher in Tunis and had vague ideas about 'teaching Arab children in the Sahara,' went to help out at a charity bazaar. A group of friends pushed her up on the stage—and she found herself entered in a beauty contest.

The judges, enraptured by her 37–23–37 figure and natural charm gave her the prize: a free trip to the Venice Film Festival. Thus the Sahara lost a teacher. But the world gained a bright new star: Claudia Cardinale.

Producers fell over each other trying to get her name on a contract, but Claudia ignored them all and flew back to Tunis. She had actually started to teach when one young producer, Franco Cristaldi, more persistent than the rest, flew to Tunis and talked Claudia into going to Rome for just one film.

Cristaldi, young dynamic chief of Vides Films, knew what he was doing. He put her into *Big Deal On Madonna Street*, co-starring her with Marcello Mastroianni and Vittorio Gassman, and even allowed her to bring her father to Rome as chaperon.

"He was very clever, very charming and very persistent," Claudia recalls in that low, attractive voice of hers. "While I was still in Tunis I turned on the radio one day and heard that Vides was making this film. The voice went on to say: *'And, starring for the first time in pictures—Claudia Cardinale.'* I was so surprised. Cristaldi rang me *after* that and within days he had talked me into flying to Rome and to signing a five-year contract without even having a film test.

"On the first day of shooting I was paralysed with fear. My Italian was terrible and I couldn't speak or move. In one scene I had to slam a door in an actor's face. But I did it all wrong and the door hit him full in the face, making his nose bleed. I wanted to give up there and then."

But Claudia today is glad she didn't; glad too that she has justified Franco's faith in her. She has made 32 films, has co-starred with Burt Lancaster, David Niven, Peter Sellers, John Wayne, Rock Hudson, Lee Marvin, Tony Curtis—and has toppled Bardot off her perch as Europe's chief girl star.

The astonishing fact about the Cardinale-Cristaldi duo is that their names are seldom linked publicly and they are never photographed together. Claudia has such a reputation for purity and never doing anything scandalous that her good friend Mastroianni has said of her, "She stands in serious danger of giving the film industry a good name."

She has said, "I admire Franco very much as a producer. He started me and gave me a contract without even a test, but I don't see myself marrying him."

Whether she wants to marry Cristaldi or not, the fact is she cannot, because Cristaldi is already married and the troubles of Carlo Ponti and Loren, etc., are enough to discourage other limelighted film duos following suit in Italy.

Claudia has said many times that she has her doubts about the marriage contract though she *does* believe in love.

"I never really think of marriage. Why should you get married because you fall in love? It would be far better to make sure first that the love is going to last. Often if you go through the marriage contract and possess someone mentally and physically and are with them constantly, something dies—the romance. I'm quite unpredictable: I say all this and yet I know some day, maybe in five years, I'll be married."

Whether or not it will be to the man who has guided her to the top—Franco Cristaldi—no one knows, except perhaps Claudia herself. She has, in her time, been offered all kinds of lucrative contracts, many from Hollywood. But the fact remains that when her first five-year contract with Cristaldi came to an end, Claudia signed a new one.

With Cristaldi, of course, and for another five years.

A Personal Message to the Women of Britain

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Maureen Henderson of Hampstead, London before her Mark Eden Course
BUST: 36A

Maureen Henderson after practising the Mark Eden Course for 8 weeks
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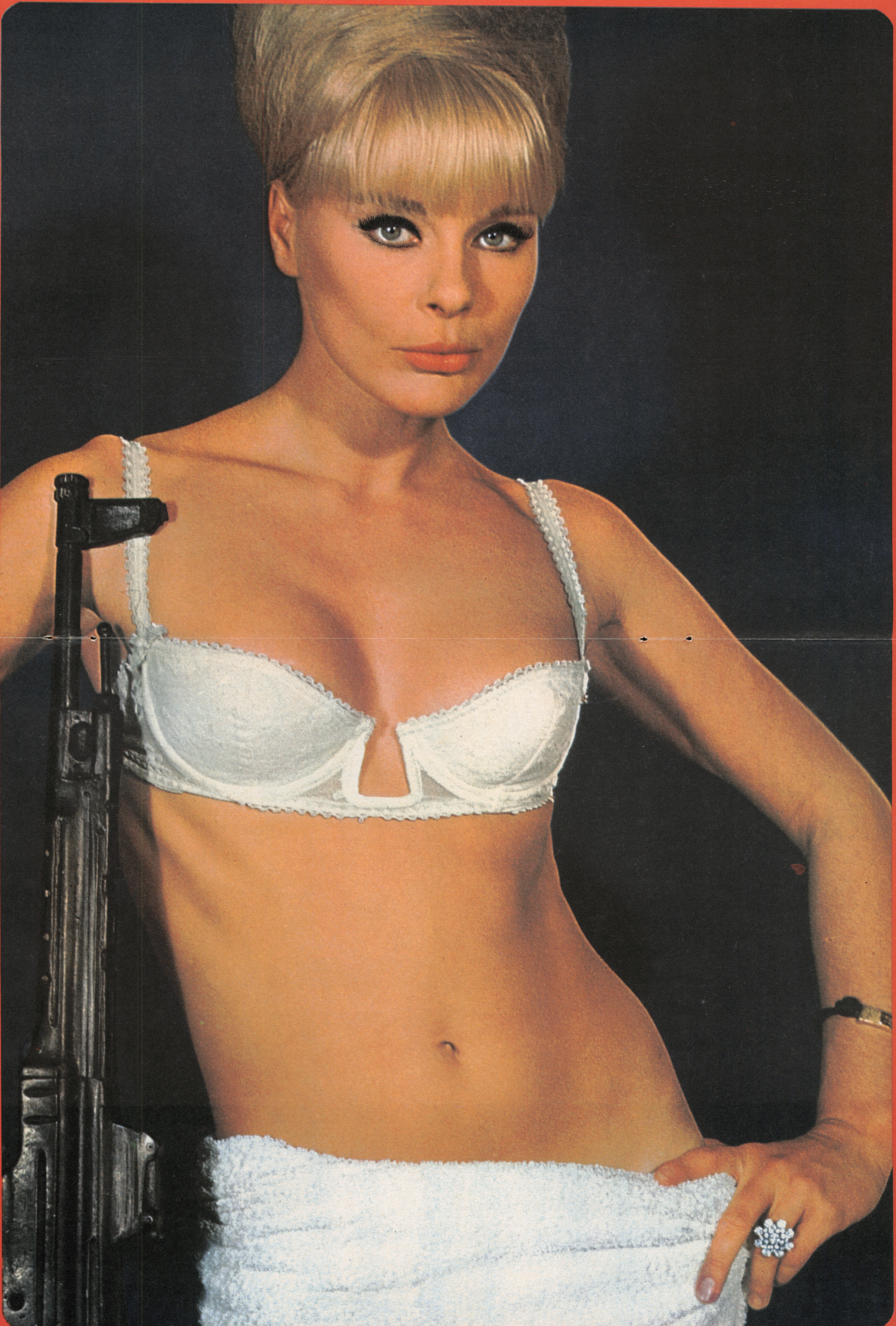

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POW!
GOAL!
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CAPTAIN
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PETER
SORRY, BUT I CAN'T STAY
THINKS WHATS THE POINT OF MEETING GIRLS, WITH THESE SPOTS
1ST GIRL
PETE WOULD BE O.K. IF HE DID SOMETHING ABOUT HIS SPOTS
2ND GIRL
WHY DOESN'T HE? - I HATE TO SEE WASTED TALENT
CAPTAIN
LOOK, PETE, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THOSE SPOTS? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST. LOTS OF THE FELLAS USE IT - DOESN'T SHOW, AND IT FEELS GREAT, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE
LATER...
PETER
SHOULD HAVE GOT TACKLE BEFORE - ITS GREAT MY SPOTS ARE CLEARING UP FAST
1ST GIRL
YOURE COMING TO THE PARTY, AREN'T YOU PETE?
SIGH!
2ND GIRL
PETE YOU'VE GOT TO COME
PETER
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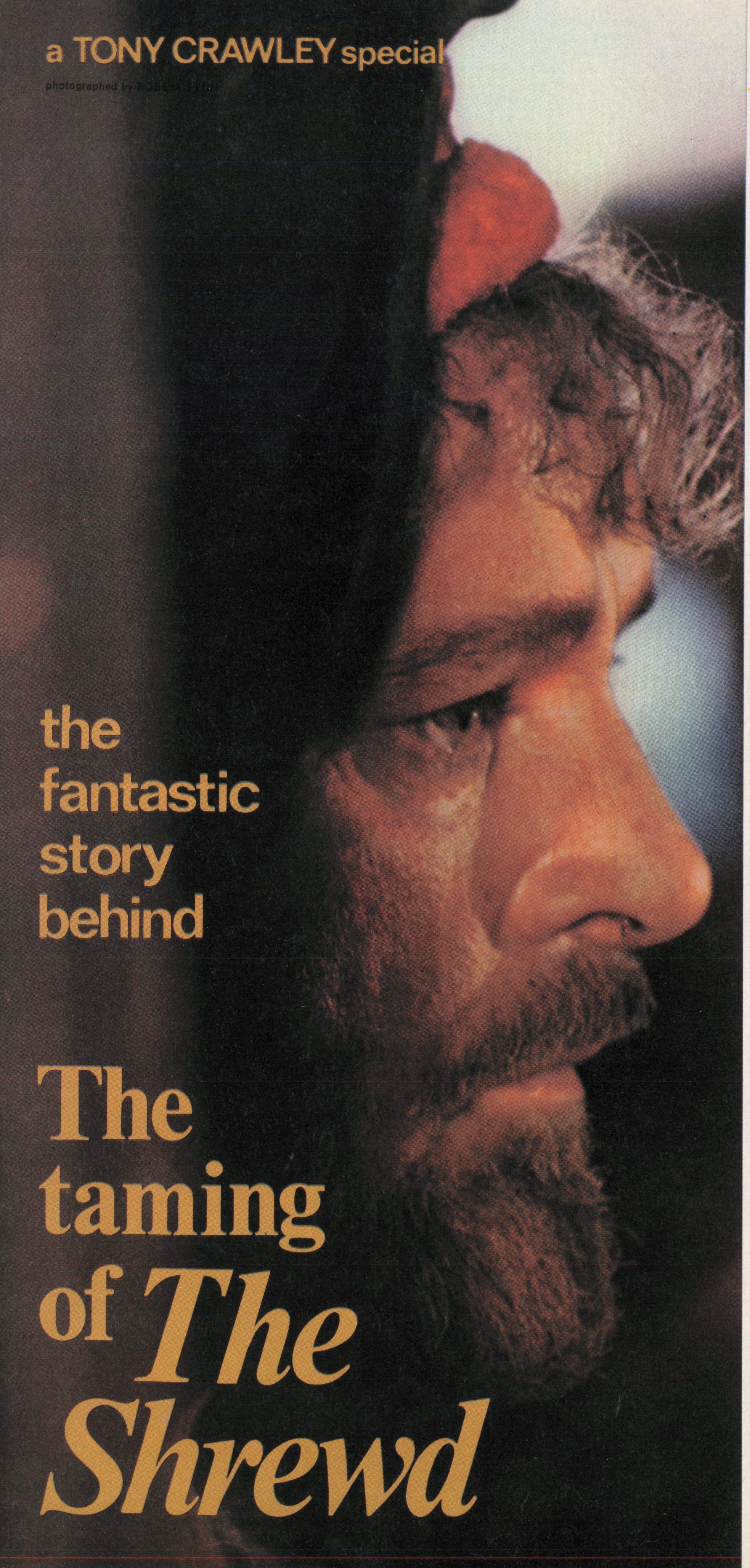

the fantastic story behind

The taming of *The Shrewd*

Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were fighting again. A shocking sight! Liz seemed in a particularly ugly mood. Biting and spitting. And pulling his hair. But Burton, no easy victim, was fighting back. And suddenly, he tackled her in the best traditions of Welsh rugger. Her vicious sorties continued but he paid them no heed. Instead he declared:

> ***" 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,***
> ***And now I find report a very liar***
> ***For thou art pleasant . . . gamesome . . . passing courteous***
> ***But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."***

Burton is well noted for such sudden bouts of lyrical rhapsodising—in bars from Merthyr to Milwaukee. Yet at this precise moment he was not, for once, merely sporting with soliloquies about his wife's famous temperament.

The words—indeed, the fight—had lasted eight wearisome black-and-blue days; across a barn, up some stairs, through a window, over the roof, and then some 20 feet through it to some handy wool-bales below. And all to enhance the eight-minute, pivotal, indeed, title, sequence of their first film production. Shakespeare's *The Taming Of The Shrew.*

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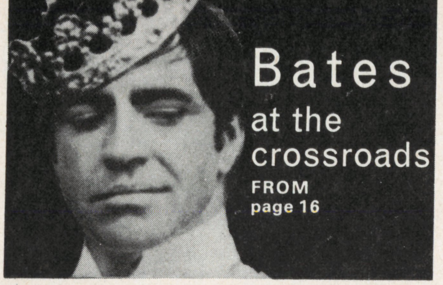
when Liz & Burton battled it out, the fireworks began to fly



Bates at the crossroads

FROM page 16

of expression, movement and speech which go with him fall into place."

His first French film, *King Of Hearts*, should further pull Bates in from the cold; in terms of personal triumphs, it ranks very highly. He likes to joke that he got the film only because director Philippe De Broca wanted an Englishman, and wherever he looked in Paris, there was Bates—in *Nothing But The Best*, *The Caretaker* and *Zorba*!

"When he asked me if I could speak French, I said: '*Of course*.' Then he talked about the film for about an hour, until he finally looked up and realised I hadn't understood a word! So I had to take a crash course—it's always easy when you've got to do it!—and they're using my French in the film. No dubbing at all. I'm pretty pleased about that."

The film started off as a comedy—"until we realised it wasn't that at all," recalls Bates. He calls it a fantasy; the hand-outs prefer to say "poetic comedy". In fact, it all seems to boil down to a *comedie-noir*.

"I play a Scots soldier in the Great War, sent into a French town to defuse a bomb which a German regiment, on the other side of town, has put there. The townspeople have fled—except for the inmates of the lunatic asylum! They make me a king; they're having a great time, you see, living out their fantasies! And that really is what the film is about. What is happiness? Who is mad and who is not in life?"

After this black comedy came Thomas Hardy's *Far From The Madding Crowd*, which features Bates as one of three men in the latest screen-life of Julie Christie. Peter Finch and Terence Stamp are the two others. [Finch, incidentally, has been a long-time fan of Bates, wanting him to star in a war film, *The Hero*, which he planned to direct.]

Bates' new role is Gabriel Oak, a real man of the soil. "A tremendously simple person—not mentally—with great reserves, and a native, uneducated but complete understanding of other people. He sees at once through everything and everybody. A strong, direct man. The sort, I'd say, that Hardy associates with most of all in his books like *Crowd*, which are full of fascinating drama about people from whom you, perhaps, don't expect drama. People who live in the country, close to nature which parallels their emotions and lives."

Once again, a completely new role for Bates; no two screen-Bates have ever been the same, yet. *Georgy Girl*'s Jos, for example, was a big reversal from Basil in *Zorba The Greek*; although on the surface, Jos could well have been Basil, finally graduating from Zorba's lessons on how to live and love life. ["Actually, Basil had no name; closest we came to it in the film when I started to sign a letter with a 'B'. He was called Basil in the actual script only to distinguish his dialogue from Zorba's!"].

In fact, the only common factor about the roles that Bates chooses to play is that when first announced, they never seem as intriguing or as commercial as they always turn out!

"It's certainly not planned that way," comments Bates. "If I've never been in the big budget, all-the-dollies kind of film, it's because they've never come my way. I accept films, or plays, if I'm touched by them in some way. Never, *'well, this would be good for me to do.'* I've thought like that only once or twice and it never works out. You can't make something marvellous out of being marvellous in something you don't believe in. Sounds lofty to say '*believe in*', but it's true. You have to . . .

"If I try to do anything with my career, it's to do something different each time. Not easy! *After A Kind Of Loving* I was offered nothing but Northern lovers. I once did a TV play called *The Thug*. Next morning I got a script called *The Brute*. Didn't dare read it!

"The awful thing is if you're a success in one role, it is widely recognised and you're seen in that one particular light, making it very difficult to find something to . . . no, not to top it; to contradict it."

The old problem of type-casting, I suggest, *never mis-casting?*

"I don't really believe in actors being mis-cast," he swiftly retorts. "I mean, you get a part and you play it well—or you don't. It's too easy to say one is mis-cast. In a way I thought I was mis-cast in *Zorba*, which made me rather nervous. But it was just something new for me; Basil felt and thought more than he was able to say or do. A difficult part; so ambiguous you've got to suggest it, not actually play it. You play the person—but actions are dormant and you've got to suggest a great deal of complication. Marvellous work, even if at the end it's not so rewarding as it's not a firework part."

The *Zorba*-fireworks belonged exclusively to Anthony Quinn; and I wondered what Bates had learned from working with him.

"I don't really know to what extent one does learn from other people—whether by working with them or watching them. If you start imitating them in terms of what they do best, I think you pick up the most obvious things—not the best—and so, immediately, they're second-hand."

Bates pauses, and then quietly adds this afterthought. "Acting, you see, is such a funny job. It's so personal. So very, very personal."

ATTENBOROUGH

FROM page 13

enact a new discipline. Perhaps Bob means I'm plumbing a different sort of depth!

Q. *So now, Dickie, you're inundated with offers from Hollywood. Indeed, your current preparation as director of a film on the life of Mahatma Ghandi must be one of the biggest milestones in your career. How do you reconcile starring in and making these big, spectacular pictures? After all, hadn't you and Bryan Forbes set your faces against what you yourselves described as "this octopus control over films—these large companies who think because nine people have a hand in writing a script it must be nine times better"?*

A. If that applied now we wouldn't be doing what we are doing. I've never found directors like John Sturges, Bob Aldrich or Bob Wise any less willing to listen to one's ideas and suggestions than any British director might. Indeed, if these three men embody the essence of American film-making, you couldn't ask for three more delightful, exciting people to work with.

Q. *But isn't your submission to American film-makers a mere matter of expediency? Won't the—and let's be honest here—cash you get from these big products enable you to indulge new ideas and experiment on your own on a small scale; to make such fine films as* Seance On A Wet Afternoon*?*

A. Not quite true, I'd say. After all, I was asked to go to Hollywood a long time ago. I didn't do so because the conditions weren't right. There were long-term contract offers and all that. It would have been disastrous for me. But let's get this straight. I didn't choose to do films like *Great Escape*, or *Flight Of The Phoenix*, or *Sand Pebbles* merely because they were Hollywood films. I did them because these were the best parts and the best films to play in. However, I do agree that being in these big-scale pictures inevitably enhances my chances of being able to promote pictures in Britain with our company.

Q. *Isn't there a danger in being mixed up with the Hollywood octopus? Don't you think that too many of our fine artists fall victim of the almighty dollar?*

A. This is a danger, but I don't think I shall fall for it. I don't want a fortune; I'm not interested in earning fantastic sums. My creed is, simply, this: I adore the cinema; I adore making films and being part of films. But I also love this country and I want—and intend—to go on making films in Britain.

Q. *After all the plaudits you've received, the awards you've garnered, what is your biggest ambition at the moment?*

A. Without question, to make this film on the life of Ghandi. I've been involved in it now for three years. It's an enormous project to set up and I suppose if I were less dedicated to it I might have given up long ago. The obstacles were enormous; obviously, there was inevitably, a certain reluctance from the distributor's point of view to allow me to direct a picture on this sort of scale. It's a matter of gentle persuasion.

I believe it's a film that could be one of the greatest ever made in terms of entertainment. It is a living, vital subject which should be done. Now.

Q. *All this thrusting and striving, all this success and acclaim—but how about your family? Aren't you drawn away more and more? Or have you, unlike so many others, found the successful way to combine an ordered domesticity with a thriving career?*

A. This is a terrible problem which I'm facing now. Only recently for *Sand Pebbles* I was away twice as long as I anticipated. Certainly the family came out for three weeks—all three children with my wife Sheila. Then I've been to Hollywood again for another three months. Then back again for *Doctor Dolittle*—my first singing role. I don't like the separations: in fact, I loathe them . . . My family is the most precious thing in my life and I just could not risk busting it up. I never will.

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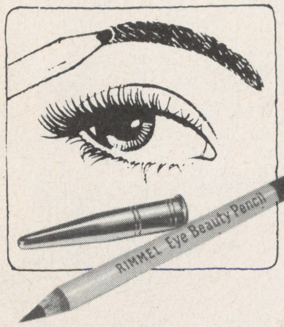
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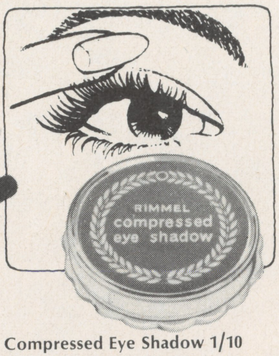
Eye Beauty Pencil 1/10
To shape and emphasise the eyebrows. Use short, feathery strokes. Silky smooth, cannot scratch. Four shades.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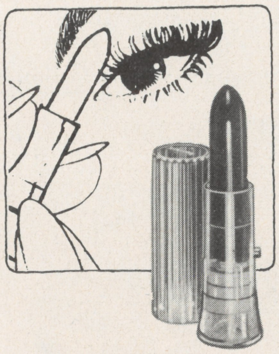
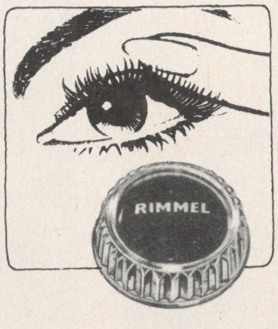
compressed
eye shadow

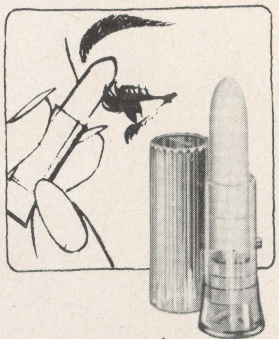
Compressed Eye Shadow 1/10
Smooth on eyelids with fingertip, winging out softly towards the brow. Non-streaky. Six shades, including white.



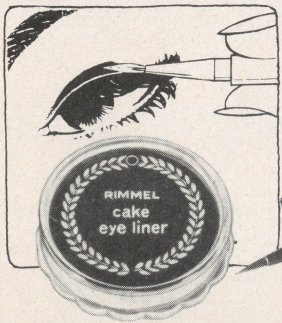
Eye Shadow Stick 1/10
As easy to use as a lipstick. Nine shades (including frosted and gold for evenings and parties).



Eye Shadow Cream 1/10
To emphasise the colour of the eyes subtly. Apply to eyelids with fingertip. Satin smooth. Four shades.



Whiteglow Stick 1/10
Apply under the eyebrow bone to give a 'dramatic' look. For a subtler effect, blend with coloured eye shadow.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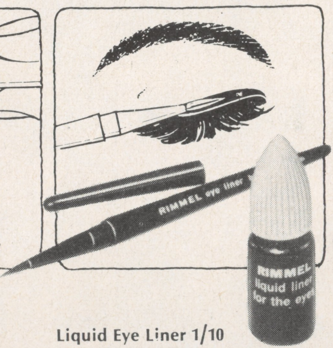
eye liner

Cake Eye Liner 1/10
To dramatise the eyes, draw a line along the top eyelids, using a Rimmel Eye Liner Brush (1/10). Three shades.


RIMMEL eye liner
RIMMEL
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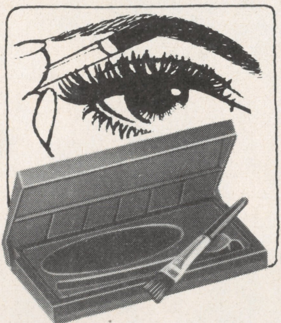
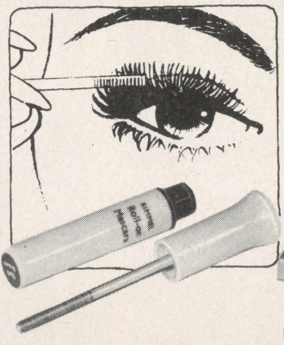
for the eyes

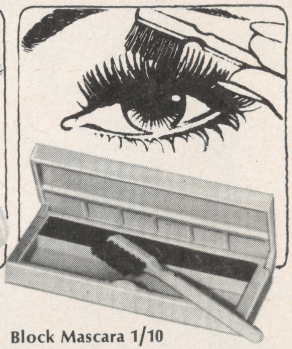
Liquid Eye Liner 1/10
To make eyes look larger, dip Rimmel Eye Liner Brush into liquid, and paint a line just above the eyelashes. Four shades.



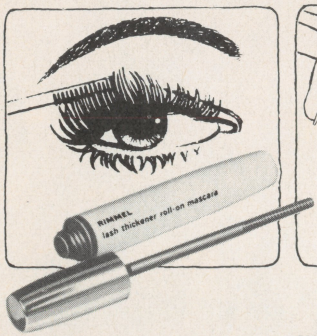
Brush-on Eyebrow Colour 2/10
For that 'natural' look. Apply to eyebrows with dry brush using a gentle stroking motion. Two shades.



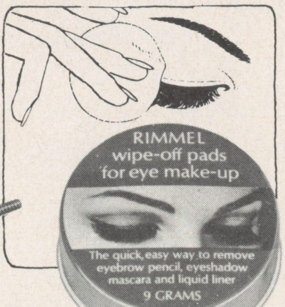
Roll-on Mascara 1/10
Applicator rod helps to curl lashes as it emphasises them. Easy to apply. Four shades.



Block Mascara 1/10
For that 'natural' look. Apply with moistened brush. A second coat may be applied for extra effect. Four shades.


RIMMEL
lash thickener roll-on mascara

Lash Thickener Mascara 2/10
Incorporates thousands of tiny filaments which cling to the lashes, making them look longer and thicker. Three shades.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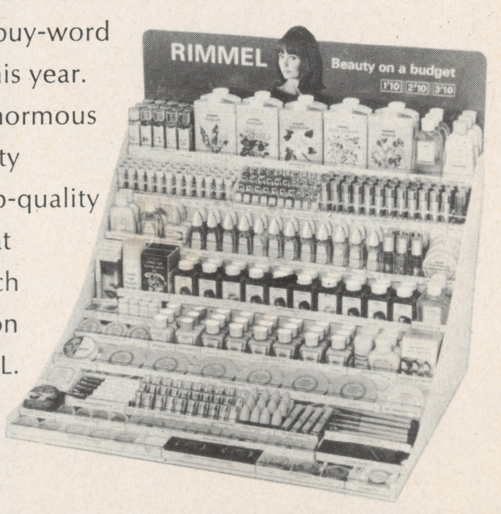
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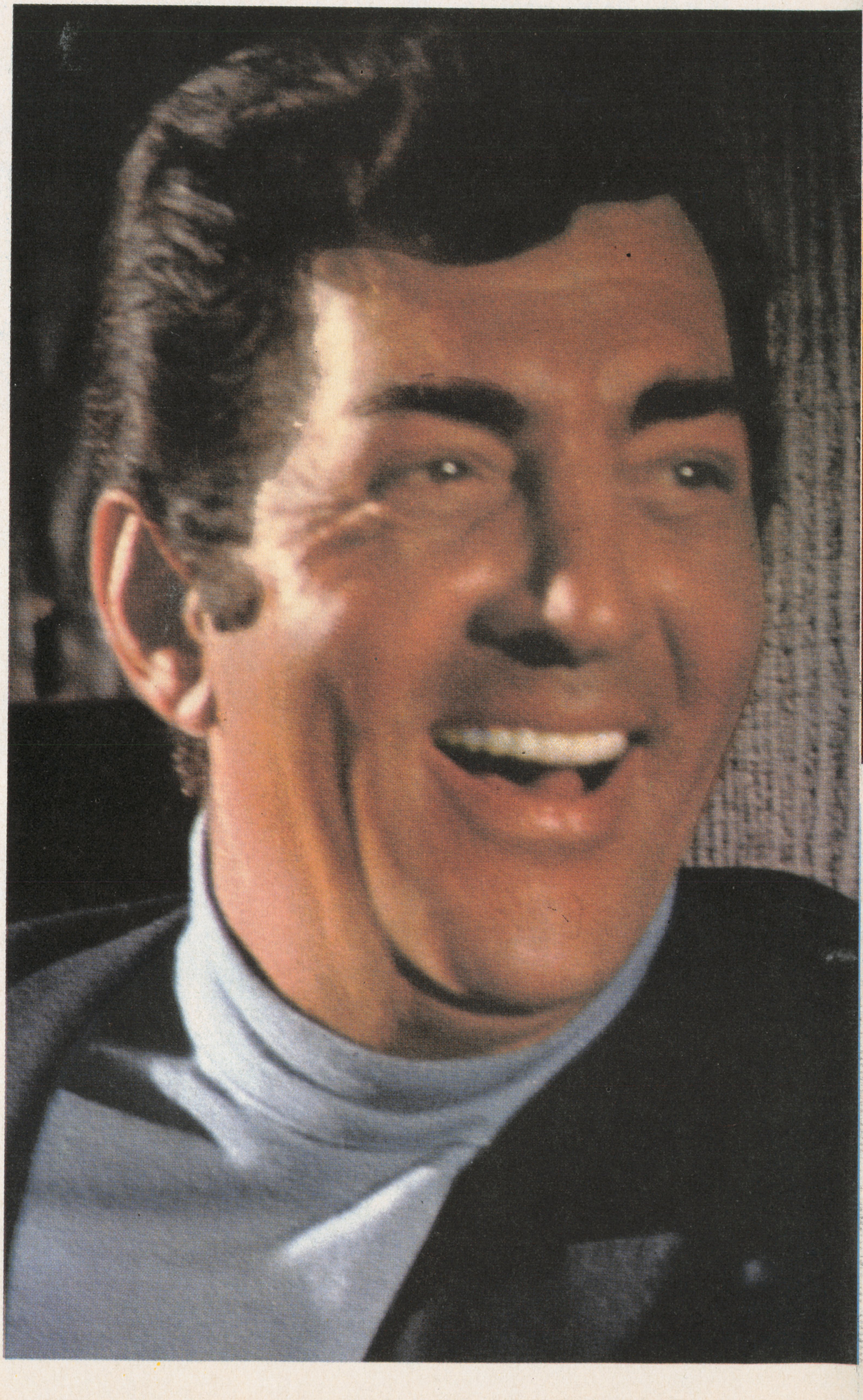
My Boss



Working with Dean Martin on the Matt Helm films is a ball—reports Beverly Adams, the lovely Lovey Kravezit girl.
After their last one, *Murderers' Row* (above), Beverly flew to London for the first time. She made a film here, *The Torture Garden* (top) with Jack Palance . . . and then went along to have her hair cut even shorter.
Result: a whirlwind romance with London's top scissors-man, Vidal Sassoon . . . wedding-bells . . . and Bev's promise to quit Hollywood and continue her career here. That's good.

Matt

by Lovey Kravezit

she's his secretary!

we don't take our baths together anymore — but he still sees a lot of me

The script for the first Matt Helm spy send-up, *The Silencers*, opened with a rare piece of imagination. Matt slid out of his electronically-raised circular bed, straight into his king-size bath. There waiting for him, bust high in suds, was his secretary: Miss Smith.

Miss Smith! Yes, that's what it said in the original scenario. However, as time to shoot this watery confrontation of sexy boss and slippery secretary approached, a lot of people started having misgivings about Miss Smith.

Hence the round-table meeting early one morning in Dean Martin's luxurious trailer on the film-set. Dean was present, relaxed and affable as ever. So were a couple of production executives and scriptwriters. Completing the party was the comely Columbia contract artiste whose job it was to bring the sexy secretary to life in the film.

Miss Smith, they all agreed, was a mishap. The name just wasn't exotic enough for the right-hand girl of a devil-may-care fellow like Helm. Did anyone have a better idea? No one had. It was obviously going to be one of those mornings. The coffee flowed and a few lame suggestions were proffered. These, in typical executive parlance, were run up the flag-pole. But nobody saluted.

Then Dean, ever the generous host, turned to the comely girl by his side, and said: "Wal, what do *you* think, lovey?"

Lovey had no idea. Or if she had, she had no time to express it. Suddenly, everyone else was talking.

"Hold it . . .!" "Wait a minute there, boy!" "Lovey! That's it." "Yeah, I like it. That's for you baby!" "LOVEY!!!" "Beautiful, Dino, just beau-ti-ful!" "Sure, but . . . Lovey what?"

Finally, someone (in the midst of all the frenzied chatter no one quite remembers who) came up with the name: Kravezit.

"And that's how Lovey Kravezit was born," says Beverly Adams, the comely Columbia contract artiste who just loves being Lovey. So much so in fact that she continues the role in the second Matt Helm adventure-frolic, *Murderers' Row*—and starts the third, *The Ambushers*, in April.

"It wasn't until I got home that night that it really hit me. 'Kravezit', I mean. With that 'K', fortunately!

"Not that the name has given me any trouble," adds Beverly. "It possibly could have been worse; in bad taste, I mean, if Lovey were played by an over-endowed girl. But I'm no sex-bomb, so it's never bothered me. During the TV interviews on my tour with the film, I could state the name quite openly—unlike Honor

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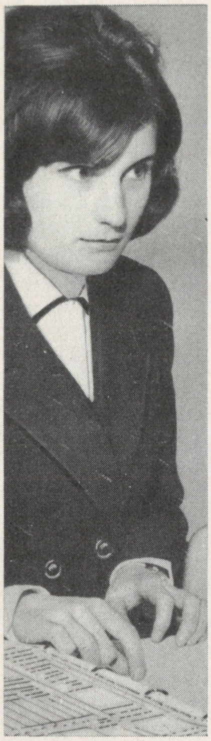
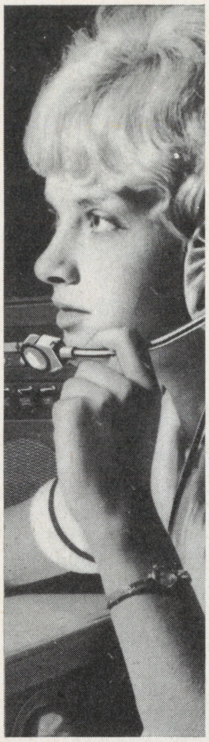


Ledger Clerk

Stores Assistant



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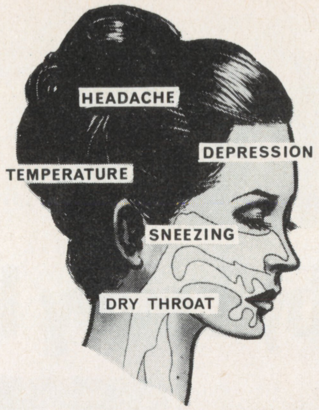

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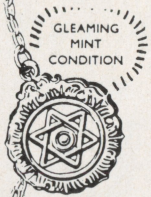

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My Boss Matt

FROM page 33

Blackman in her Pussy Galore days. That name was banned from TV altogether!"

A gorgeous green-eyed brunette, Canadian-born Bev seems to have stolen the best features of Audrey Hepburn and Sophia Loren—as well as Vidal Sassoon! Their whirlwind romance began after she finished her first British film, *The Torture Garden*.

She has just the right background for her job as Matt Helm's very private secretary; she used to be the legal secretary in the Los Angeles office of one of America's Superior Court judges. Then she started her acting career—30 TV shows in her first year, including nine as a nurse working with Dr. Kildare. She continued her nursing duties in her first film, *The NEW Interns*.

But now the starched aprons are gone and Beverly is living it up in the usual kinky kind of gear associated with all spy-films. At least, she is in this second Helm film. In the first she was attired only in her birthday suit.

When she began work on *Murderers' Row*, her mother said: "I hope you're not wearing very low-cut dresses."

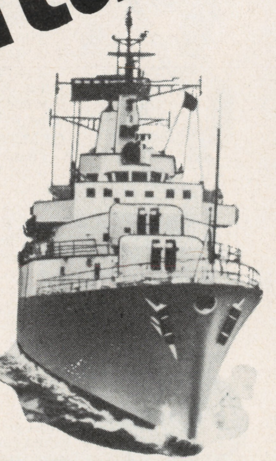
With a straight face, Beverly could honestly say that she wasn't. "I have this fantastic polo-neck outfit with long, voluminous sleeves," she said. Which probably sounded very Victorian and proper. What she forgot to add was the fact that the entire outfit is transparent save for two sets of yellow bands which look rather like danger-zone signs!

Asking Beverly about her boss—the always welcome Matt—proves rather difficult. Author Donald Hamilton may see his creation as "credible, tough and tough-minded, yet not so inflated with his own image that he can't have a ball with life" . . . producer Irving Allen may regard him as the only logical answer to Bond . . . but Beverly sees him only as Dean Martin!

"You can hardly tell the difference between Dean himself and Matt Helm," she insists. "They are almost identical characters. It would be impossible to think of anyone else playing the role."

This particular point of view could, perhaps, be influenced by the fact that Dean and Beverly get along very well together. "I often go around to his home for dinner," she says. "No, we don't sit down at a table—there are too many junior Martins! Dean is the perfect gentleman; a really nice guy with a great personality. And he's been a great help to me. Thanks to Dean my part improves each time and there's a good chance I may be the

TURN page



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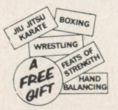

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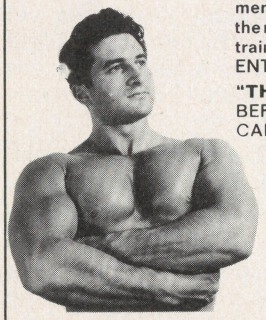

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I CAN......
AND I WILL

My Boss Matt

FROM previous page

main girl in the next film."

The main girl in *Murderers' Row* is Ann-Margret, who does some frenetic dancing to music supplied by a big-beat trio—Dino, Desi and Billy—led by one of Dean's youngsters.

Matt meets Annie while investigating the mysterious kidnapping of a leading American inventor—her father, in fact. The dastardly Big O set-up is behind this snatch. It wants his new invention. Called the Helio-Beam, it is a new kind of weapon which destroys anything you care to mention by harnessing the radiation forces of the sun!

Karl Malden is the latest leader of Big O. He's bent on destroying Washington in order to take over the world. Matt also comes to grips with the villain's paramour, perfectly played by the beautiful Swedish newcomer, Camilla Sparv.

What with Camilla and Matt's 12 gorgeous Slaygirls, Lovey Kravezit has to be pretty patient when it comes to getting her boss's attention.

"I certainly don't share his bath any more," says Beverly. "Had enough of that last time. To make all those bubbles, the technicians had to use detergent. By the time we got out, our skins were positively peeling. After the film, I toured America and took a bubble bath in every city we visited. I finished up as wrinkled as a prune."

Bath or no bath, with that fantastic dress Matt Helm still manages to see quite a lot of Lovey.

And next year, in the third Helm film, he'll probably see even more. "The new adventure is set in Acapulco and that's a marvellous place for girls," says associate producer Euan Lloyd. "Believe me, as far as girls are concerned, *Murderers' Row* is just a trailer for *The Ambushers*."

RAYMONDO

Star-day

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28th March, 1921

AQUARIUS (*21st January to 19th February*)
Forget your troubles and wear a smile—a friend's problems could make your own seem unimportant. Don't be tempted to throw away a good friendship.

PISCES (*20th February to 21st March*)
Intuition—follow it and hang on tight. If it tells you not to travel—well, stay at home. If it tells you to fall in love—go right ahead. Your tactful handling of a tricky situation will surprise even yourself.

ARIES (*22nd March to 20th April*)
Confidence is what you lack. Usually independent, you find yourself hesitating. Good advice could solve your difficulties, but be wise in your choice of someone to confide in. Do try not to argue!

TAURUS (*21st April to 21st May*)
Possibly an emotional time which could confuse your sense of values. Many a hard-working Taurean will wonder if all the effort was worth it. Luck and love go hand in hand, especially towards the end of the month.

GEMINI (*22nd May to 21st June*)
Dependence on others will irk you, but all you can do is wait. Plans involving a group are favoured; the lone wolves could encounter opposition. A disappointment seems likely, particularly where money is concerned.

CANCER (*22nd June to 23rd July*)
It's here! At last, a great month when you can't go wrong. Love, luck and lolly—they're all yours. You're everybody's darling and your date finds you irresistible. So make the most of it.

LEO (*24th July to 23rd August*)
Impulsive—that's you. And if you get carried away on a cloud of over-optimism, you will land with a bump. Although a new venture is successful, over-anticipation may make the outcome seem disappointing.

VIRGO (*24th August to 23rd September*)
Long friendships suffer strain, whereas new associations get off to a flying start. This is very much the case when there are several years between the ages of those concerned. Your carelessness could upset a friend.

LIBRA (*24th September to 23rd October*)
Make up your mind; someone is waiting for your decision and more damage could be caused by your dithering than by your ultimate choice. Animals play an important part in your life during the coming weeks.

SCORPIO (*24th October to 22nd November*)
Get your head down; this is a time for intensive study for all students of subjects from Latin to limbo dancing. An older person may distract you.

SAGITTARIUS (*23rd November to 22nd December*)
The sky's the limit. Restricting influences are now lifted and something or someone who has been holding you back leaves you free to go your own way.

CAPRICORN (*23rd December to 20th January*)
Distance is significant now. Some may make journeys at very short notice, while others will be left behind by their partners. Bargain-hunters could strike lucky.

6
ΤΕΛΕΣΜΕΝΑ

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QA'S

The taming of The Shrewd

FROM page 28

Or to be more accurate, Paul Dehn, Suso Cecchi D'Amicco and Franco Zeffirelli's *Shrew*, for it is they who have written this second screen version of the great man's sixth play. (Until recently, incidentally, they were taking the sole credit for it. But Burton forced a compromise, and there is now an acknowledgement to Shakespeare "without whom they would have been at a loss for words"!).

Alas poor Will, ye know it well. Thou art still considered poison by the avaricious moguls of the Wood of Holly. Faith, 'tis true! And as such, poor Will—good Will, brave Will—thy name needs must be etched lowly upon the billboards of cinemadom, lest thou do bring down an evil doom upon the box-offices of the land.

"I didn't like leaving his name off the ads," began producer Liz . . .

"Admit it, luv," scorned her co-producer, Burton, a Shakespearean veteran. "It wasn't the Shakespeare bit that bugged you—it was me getting top billing for a change."

Liz, seated in her dressing-room, shrugged. She stopped examining her fight-bruises, put down her champagne, and opened a nearby drawer. Burton, firmly clutching his vodka and tonic, grimaced. He knew what was coming.

From the drawer, Liz produced a draft of the first *Shrew* advertisement. It read: "Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor in *The Taming Of The Shrew.*"

But wait! There was more. A *billet-doux* from hubby was scrawled on it.

"*Dear Snapshot:*
I couldn't help it. Honest! They just insisted that the money should come first.
Your ever-loving leading man,
Richard (1st *Billing*) *Burton.*
PS. It had to happen sooner or later. What a shame it should happen when you're only 43. *x x x*"

Having made her point, Liz shrugged again, and turned back to the drawer. This time she produced an advert, reading: "Elizabeth Taylor. Academy Award Winning Actress, in *The Taming Of The Shrew.* And introducing Richard Burton".

Burton grinned: "She had that specially printed." His smirk was understandable; he had quite a few joke-ads printed as well. This ad-game (which she won, by the way; she gets the top billing now!) was just one of the many things the couple got up to during the hectic months of shooting in Rome.

Yes . . . Rome. They had bravely returned to where *it* had all begun.

La Scandale, as Burton terms it. Back in those far-off days when *Cleopatra* was starting for the third time around; when its two top stars were married, but not to each other; when very suddenly they took on each other and the headlines of the world; and when Burton—let's be honest—was still very much an also-ran in the realms of movie success.

He's made up for it now. Both of them have. Elizabeth has never been more important—though she had rarely been anything else in her career. And despite the insidious jibes about selling out to the celluloid gods of crass commercialism, Burton has progressed magnificently as a film actor, learning how to communicate most movingly to a film camera.

Back they went then, to the city of many memories. To Rome where the photographers prey—and pray, in fact, to Burton to help save their jobs by fighting a little in public or something. Anything for a picture: "Give her a gentle push!"

The big return was for their fifth film together—which was followed after less than a week off by their sixth, with Burton merely changing costumes, his producer's status for that of director, and Shakespeare for Marlowe—for *The Tragical History Of Dr. Faustus.*

He complains that producers think of the Burtons as some kind of Laurel and Hardy; but does little to dissuade such thoughts of their unity. Admittedly he has made many films on his own since the partnership began. (Indeed, surely none of Liz's five husbands has ever benefitted so much—financially, artistically, mentally, and what have you—from the union). She, however, has worked exclusively with him, from *Cleo* to *Faustus.*

They are continuing this unity. Graham Greene's *The Comedians* is next, in the Bahamas, with Sir Alec Guinness. Then *Osmosis* in West Africa for their new company, with John Sullivan (Burton's Irish stuntman pal from the days of *Alexander The Great*) directing, and the film will no doubt co-star the new Mrs. Sullivan, Daliah Lavi.

There they stand, then. Undeniably at the very summit of things. Important. Influential. In command.

And what's more, respectable again. Their Oscar-class work in *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?* attained that for them. A respectability underlined now that the Royal accolade of acceptance has been finally bestowed; their *Shrew* is this year's Royal Film Performance. What price Burton's knighthood now?

Some observers take the line that Burton has finally tamed Liz, making her worthy of a queen. Personally, I have my doubts. I feel any taming that has happened has been a mutual affair—more a tempering of each other.

At work or play, they have, inevitably, an aura of unapproachability about them. Liz always has, of course, being rich, successful and luxury-bound since birth. Burton has fast fitted into this mode of life. His feet are the more firmly on the ground; Welsh mining valley ground. And you can't get closer to the sheer realities of life and death than that.

In Rome, Liz looked in great shape, having slimmed down from her dumpy, ageing 143 lb. gin-soaked matron in *Virginia Woolf*, to a trimmer 120. Though the director had suggested she stop at 130 on account of 15th Century Florentine women being "well-rounded".

Liz, however, looked deliciously well-rounded. . . . Her only major complaint, in fact, was that she was probably

Director at work: Franco Zeffirelli

too much so—particularly in the dangerously low-cut blouse she was wearing, the laces of which her director would lovingly loosen as often as possible.

He wasn't very happy about her wedding-ring either. "I refuse to take it off," Liz explained, "even though this Sweet Kate is supposed to be the virgin of all the world." The problem was answered by having a pearl sewn on to the ring each day, making it look like any old ring instead of a wedding band.

Meanwhile, what of Burton? As Petruchio he was resplendently garbed and all that. But take it from me, a beard does not look well on this man. Particularly a big, red, bushy, piratical beard!

Rich the Burtons may be. Big, powerful, too. But such wonderful company—whether quaffing champagne and eating quails' eggs in their dressing-room, or lining up the pints in a theatrical or mining pub. He, the ever-eloquent raconteur, with enough back-stage stories to fill two dozen books; she, the adroit listener with, if not the ready eloquence, a sharp and quite dazzling wit and tales enough to top his.

Hear them as they constantly rib each other, however tough a day they may be having in the Rome studio—and one can't help thinking that they should make a comedy together. (This may well be remedied next year in a very wild project called *Winter Of Madness;* if so, it could well surpass everything they've done so far, and surprise a lot of people).

Listen awhile now. Liz is standing, visibly blanching at the very idea of having to throw the bulky Burton aside for a typical *Shrew* scene. "What me? With six inches of my spine *fused!*" Burton sneers: "Another of her operations!"

Her scoff soon follows. Burton is agreeing to a very early call to work next morning. She's wide-eyed with surprise, until she realises he's required then for close-ups. "Hah! For close-ups, he'd start at dawn!"

Burton again. Liz is late arriving on set, which is nothing new for stars in the film business. "Fifteen minutes late and she thinks she's early," he exclaims. "She'll be late for the Last Judgment!"

Also coming in for more than his fair share of the daily jibes was the Burtons' director, the slim, boyish Florentine, Franco Zeffirelli. Liz ribbed him very well; conning a most superb gift from him, which, in his innocence of normal film traditions, he gave her at the start, not the finish, of the picture. She didn't mind. Not even Elizabeth Taylor receives a bracelet belonging to Napoleon's sister every day of the week!

But note, for a moment, the Burtons' adept shrewdness in their choice of director. Zeffirelli had never made a film before. Neither had their immediately previous director—Mike Nicholls on *Virginia Woolf*. Both were big, expensive projects for newcomers to handle; and the results of both is nothing more than inspired brilliance.

Zeffirelli first became famous with opera—as the *enfant terrible* of La Scala and Covent Garden. He turned next to Shakespeare with similar, astounding success. Films, then, were the only other medium left for him to conquer.

With the *Shrew*, as in all his previous hits, this man's great and volatile passion works a superb kind of resuscitation upon the old and trusted, tried and tired classics. His "kiss of life" is also one of love, great love.

Franco *HAD* to direct the *Shrew*. It was his idea to film it in the first place. Once he won the Burtons' interest, they swiftly agreed to produce and co-star. Burton loves to claim that Zeffirelli was really only after Liz to play the Shrew (*"call'd plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst, but Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom"*) and wasn't at all interested in Burton as Petruchio, the gentleman from Verona, who comes to Padua, to court, and tame and marry her.

"He didn't think me witty enough," storms Burton. But Franco shouts him down. "Always," he insists, "always, I think of them together."

Then, all three together, cast their film with many of their favourites. From Burton's *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*, for example, there is Michael Hordern as Kate's father, and Cyril Cusack as Petruchio's servant. Another Burton-Taylor pal is the Welsh-Italian Victor Spinetti.

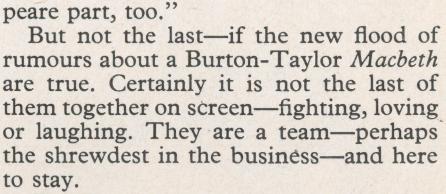
Franco took over where the film's other lovers were concerned. He had directed Michael York, 24, blond and broken-nosed, in London, and had seen Natasha Pyne, 20, blonde and superbly nosed, in a speechless role in the West End. They became. Lucentio and Kate's sister, Bianca—who, alas, cannot wed until someone brave enough has taken the Shrew in marriage!

The Burtons soon dubbed Natasha, "Skinny Dipper" because she took naked swims in the moonlight. And when she was troubled ("it's my first Shakespeare part"), Liz would laugh and say: "We're equals then—it's my first Shakespeare part, too."

But not the last—if the new flood of rumours about a Burton-Taylor *Macbeth* are true. Certainly it is not the last of them together on screen—fighting, loving or laughing. They are a team—perhaps the shrewdest in the business—and here to stay.

The Burtons complement each other extraordinarily well—as actors and, more important, as people. He, in a way, is a combination of the best attributes of her four previous husbands; a winning combination encased in a sheer masculine individuality that makes him assuredly the boss. And that—now that she's turned 35—is exactly what Elizabeth Taylor wants.

Barring tragedy then—and in Liz's life, tragedy has always been a sort of co-star forever seeking the close-ups—they must, indeed, be considered inseparable.



Why I turn my back on

Allyson Sloane meets the star of *PRIVILEGE* and sends in an intriguing report

Jean Shrimpton isn't the first model who has attempted to become a star in films. Suzy Parker, Marla Landi, Sue Lloyd and many other girls have made their bid. Some have been quite successful; others have not. But certainly none has yet found in films, the sort of success she achieved as a model. And who is going to be bold enough to predict that "The Shrimp" ("I hate that name—it's awful!") is going to be the exception?

Of course she stands a better chance of succeeding in films, if only because she is more famous than the others. She has a face that is instantly recognised. There can be few magazines in the Western world that haven't, at some time or another, featured her on their covers. But, as any film producer will tell you, it doesn't necessarily follow that she will become a top screen actress. Certainly, Jean herself isn't nursing any such ideas. I discovered this soon after she completed work on her first film, *Privilege*.

"Modelling and acting are two completely different worlds," she said when we settled to talk. "I'm a complete beginner in films and I won't forget that. A model is a

TO page 46

romance by Jean Shrimpton

A message to all future housewives

(and many present day ones)

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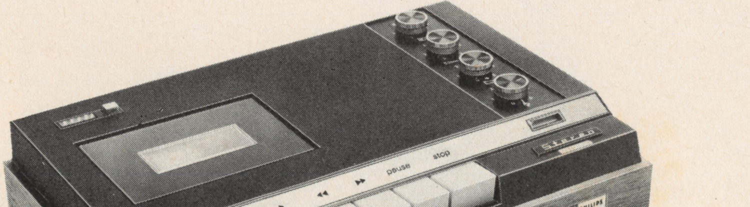

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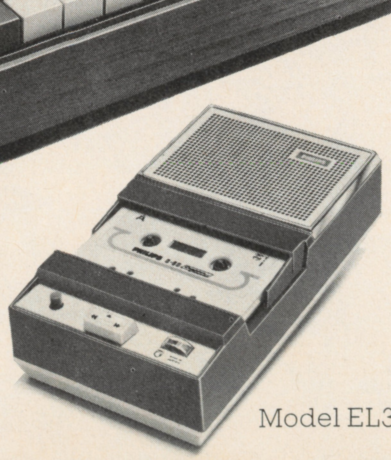

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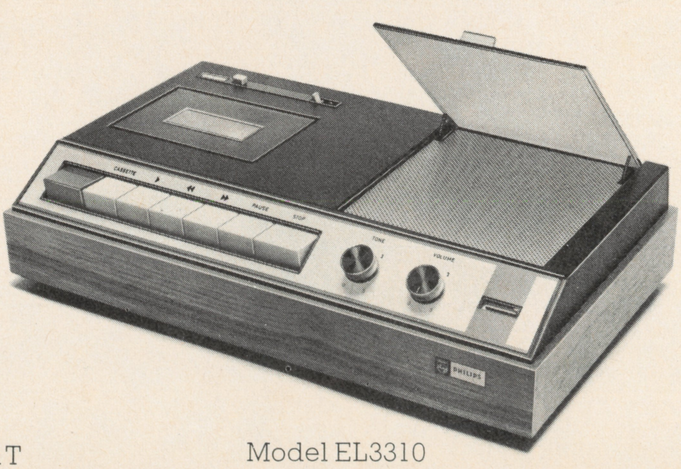
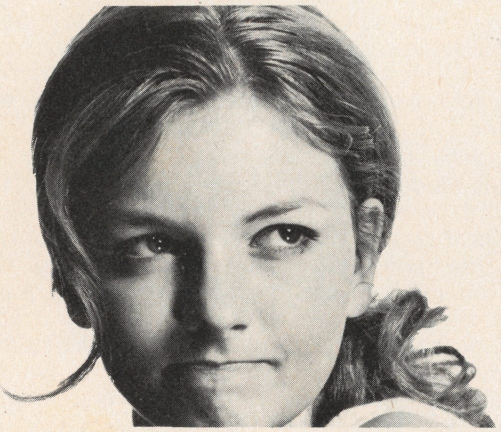


Model EL3310

PETER O'TOOLE
in
THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS

This is my sister
She's a fab dress designer



– but she was so catty about my mousey hair
I could've sloshed her

Maddening to be blonde at five and dreary old mouse at 17. That's me for you, and I was burned up with jealousy whenever I looked at Clarissa's swinging hair. She's my sister and designs terribly with-it clothes.

'Ass', she said when she found me rinsing my hair in lemon juice, 'why don't you use Inecto Hi-lift? It will lighten your hair to any shade of blonde you want.' 'You could have told me before and saved me all this bother.' 'Never asked', she said. That's Clarissa for you!

Hi-lift made me a super blonde

So, I rushed to our nearest chemist and bought it. Now my hair is a lovely gold colour. Yippee! But, let me tell you. To lighten your hair a bleach is a must. I'm pretty scatty, but I read those Hi-lift instructions very carefully, and this is what I did. I just mixed it with water. Next time I decided to go lighter, so I mixed it with peroxide, and if I want to be a real stunning white blonde I'll use even stronger peroxide. I'm sold on Hi-lift because it protects and conditions my hair too. It's got lanolin in it and Clarissa says it can't harm a hair of my blessed head – because it's made by Inecto!

Clarissa's secret—
Inecto Hair Magic Shampoo Colouring

I forgot to tell you – Clarissa's hair isn't natural. She'd kill me for saying this, but she's almost as mousey as me. She's used Hair Magic Shampoo Colouring by Inecto for ages and it's just as easy as shampooing your hair. I've watched her. It makes her natural colour a rich, rich red.

Inecto Hair Magic is a semi-permanent colouring. It washes colour into her hair. Clarissa says if she gets tired of one colour it will fade out in five weeks and she'll try another. However much she uses it, it won't ever over colour. Another fab thing – she can use it before or after perming and it cleans and conditions her hair while it colours it. There's a terrific range of colours to choose from too. Clarissa's hair is madly exciting, and honestly, it was nothing before she used Hair Magic.

Every week—Hint of a Tint for us

This shampoo is really the mostest! It makes our hair shine and glow and sparkle with bright, bright lights. That's because it's thoroughly deep cleansing and adds just a glint to our own natural colouring, or, h'mm, to our new natural colouring!

Hair Magic	(4/9d)
Hi-lift	(4/9d)
Hint of a Tint	(1/3d)

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with love to your hair **INECTO**

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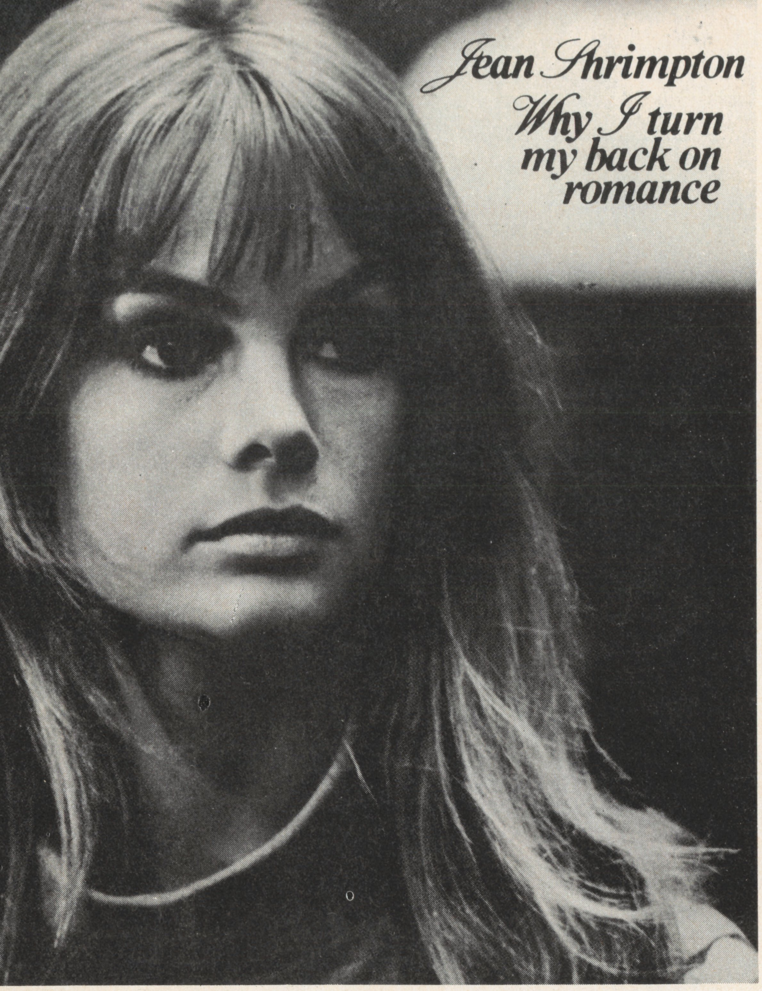
Jean Shrimpton

Why I turn my back on romance



Jean in her film debut—but her career will come second to her private life.

FROM page 40

puppet. Acting is more fun, but you are still on a string. It's not creative, like writing.

"I'm ambitious but not madly so," she said. "What is important to me is my freedom. I don't like being tied. I've never really pushed myself as a model. I went into modelling by accident. People liked my scraggy hair. I set a new style but, basically, it was all a fluke. I certainly don't have the physical attributes of some girls. I'm quite skinny.

"I suppose," she added, "that I must have had *something*. Something different. If I had imitated others I wouldn't have caught on. Of course the clothes of today—the styles of today—suit me. They look all right on me. The funny thing is, I'm not really interested in clothes. I'd rather buy furniture; that interests me far more. As for spending a lot of time on myself—making myself look like a million dollars every time I go out—it just isn't so. I don't have the time to fuss in the morning or deliberate on what I'm going to wear. Sometimes I sort of throw myself together and I'm sure it looks that way!"

Apart from her freedom, what else is important to Jean?

"My independence," she said immediately. "I quit school at 16 because I wanted to earn money and be independent. I couldn't type or do anything in an office; that's why my friends suggested I tried modelling. Today, I have my independence but I wouldn't say I was a secure person. I knew little, coming as I did from the country. I wasn't sophisticated and I'm still not. But I was determined to make my way alone. By that I don't mean I wanted to become famous or make a fortune. That never worried me."

Does Jean worry about her career?

"I worry about doing a good job," she said. "But I don't worry about what's going to happen next week. I don't ever plan. It's an element of cowardice, I admit. I'm always reluctant to move on to something new. That's why I haven't made a film until now. And this wasn't my idea. I didn't push for it. My agent and director Peter Watkins suggested it and I decided it was time to have a go.

"However," she went on, "my career always has and always will come second to my private life. My friends mean a lot to me; they make me feel more secure than any success I may have had in my career. But although my friends are important, I'm not a romantic person. I'm not passionate about anything. If you are a romantic you usually end up being disillusioned and I couldn't take that. I don't attach romance to things or people. I take things too deeply. If someone writes something bitchy about me and I happen to read it before I do my work, it throws me. I take things personally instead of keeping them general.

"Although I wouldn't call myself a romantic person, that doesn't mean I don't want to marry," she added. "As I say, my personal life comes first. If I were to marry, I'd keep my career going only so long as it didn't worry my husband. But if he said 'quit', I'd quit. The money wouldn't bother me. I don't want to be rich."

What kind of man does Jean see herself marrying?

"He wouldn't have to be extremely successful or even very intelligent," she said. "I like people who are easy-going. They don't have to be personality boys or handsome or important. Some people may give you a list of things they expect to find in the perfect husband. I couldn't name you one. It is really a matter of feeling right with someone. It's no good marrying someone who everyone else reckons is perfect if he doesn't make you happy. I'm not at all concerned with what others say or think."

Speak to those who worked with Jean on *Privilege* and they will tell you she is a friendly but serious girl.

"I'm not a temperamental type," Jean told me. "I like to please everyone. But strangers worry me. I'm not very good at small talk and I've no time for gossip. There are much more important things on my mind."

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